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Saturday Review

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THE POET IN SEARCH OF HIS AUDIENCE

By A. M. SULLIVAN

OF LITERATURE

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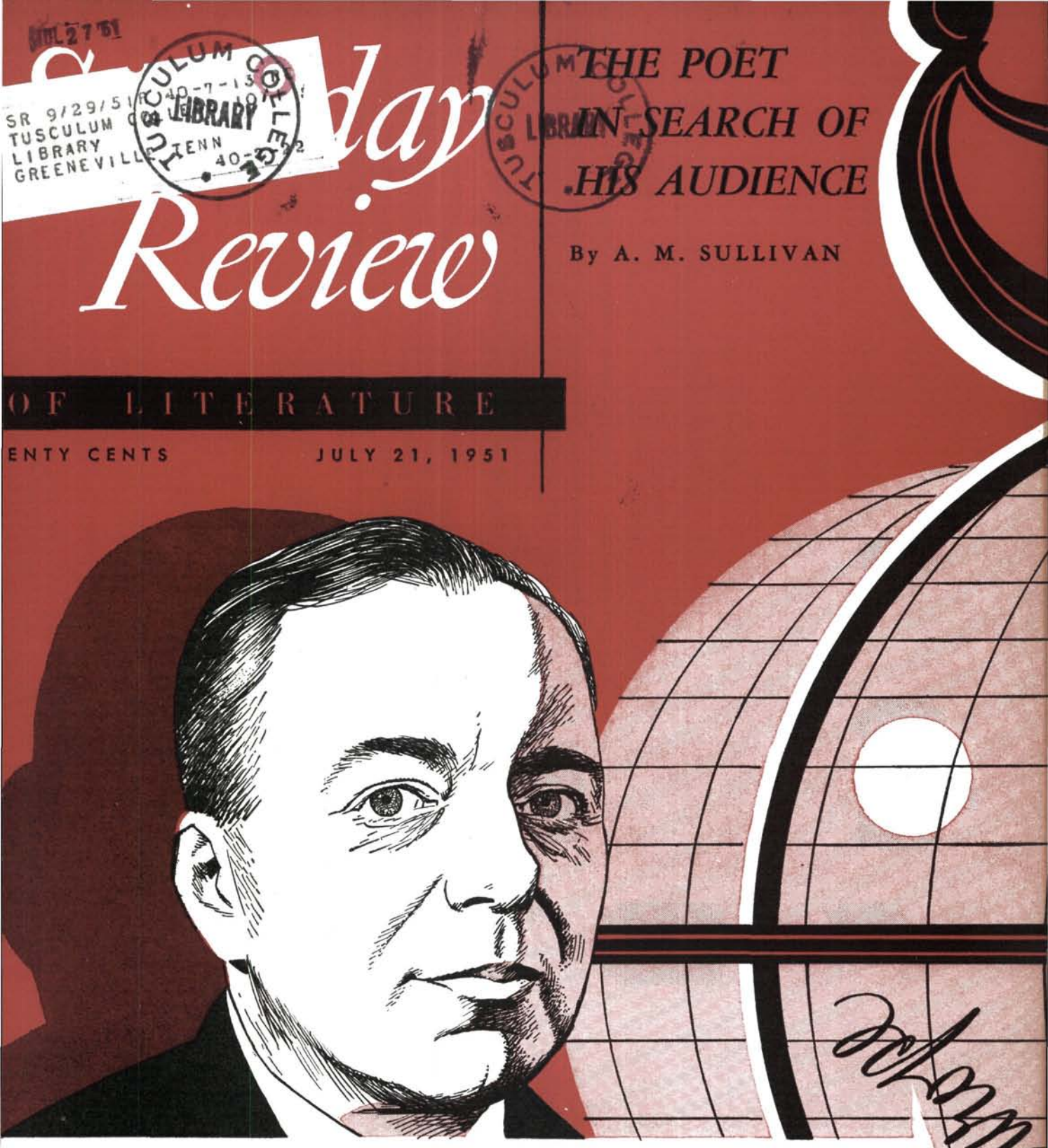

Hajo Holborn, author of "The Political Collapse of Europe." (*See page 8*)

Folklore in American Prose

By ERNEST E. LEISY

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July 21, 1951

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 29, July 21, 1951. Entered as Second second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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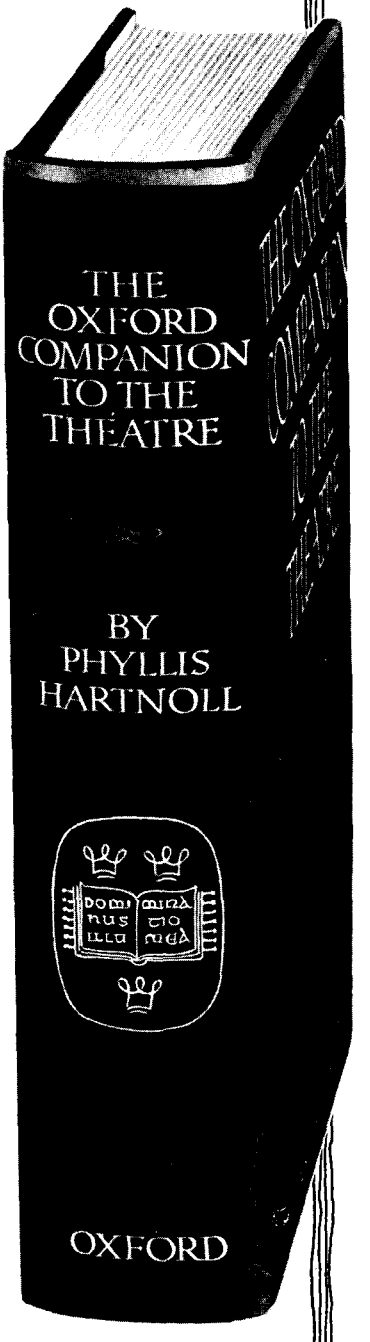
- **Who "raised the character of his profession to the rank of a liberal art"?**
- **What outstanding English actor-director-producer made his first appearance as Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew"?**



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TRADE Winds

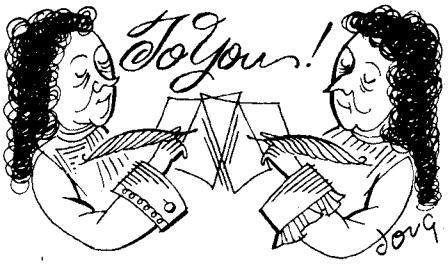
NOTES FROM A RIGHT-HAND DRAWER

THE *New York Herald Tribune* scooped *The New York Times* the other day in announcing the forthcoming publication of a fall-season Simon & Schuster non-fiction leader. The name of the book: "A History of *The New York Times*," by Meyer Berger. . . . A Somerville, New Jersey, clergyman caught his secretary reading a copy of "From Here to Eternity." She expected trouble, but he patted her on the shoulder and beamed, "It's nice to see a pretty young girl in this day and age seriously concerned about her hereafter!"... Authors whose children fail to appreciate their genius may take heart from this story of songstress Dinah Shore's baby daughter. Every time Dinah tries to sing one of her ten-thousand-dollar songs for the child the latter begins a dreadful caterwauling, exclaiming, "I don't want you to sing! I want Nursie to sing for me!"

THE MOST CONFLICTING reviews of the season were awarded to Irwin Shaw's high-flying "The Troubled Air"—as was more or less expected by Shaw and his publishers. This is the kind of controversial book, treating as it does one of the major problems of our day, that tricks many critics into enlarging on their own viewpoints and prejudices rather than gauging the qualities of the novel they are considering. I can only say that in my opinion "The Troubled Air" is without qualification the most compelling and exciting novel I have read this year. Shaw actually began his book months before the Jean Muir case, which some reviewers named as its inspiration, broke in the newspapers. Shaw himself says, "I intended my book to be prophecy. It turned out to be journalism." . . . Incidentally, just before the Shaws sailed for Europe on the *Liberté* Irwin's two-year-old son, Adam, burst into tears. "Who's that crying?" asked a man in the corridor. Irwin explained, "It's my troubled heir."

CUTS ARE SO RAMPANT in one publisher's office, laments Mike Connolly, they're signing all new contracts with styptic pencils. Mike also reports that football star Bob Waterfield, whose wife happens to be Jane Russell, told an interviewer, "Certainly I do the cooking. Do you think I want Jane to melt away her career over a hot stove?" . . . Louis Sobol's "Along the Broadway Beat" (Avon) is a sprightly behind-the-scenes tour of the bright-light district by a genial and expert guide. Sobol has good taste, modesty, and a kind word for competitors, yet he remains a successful Broadway columnist. Amazing fellow! . . . One of Louis's tales concerns the time Sam Goldwyn planned to star Gary Cooper in a picture based on Custer's last stand, only to discover that Warner Brothers had beaten him to the draw and were grooming Errol Flynn for an epic on the same subject. (It was released under the title of "They Died with Their Boots On.") Before the preview Goldwyn told Jack Warner, "The only reason you got ahead of me on this project is that my writers were wracking their brains to dream up a happier ending. None of us wanted to see Gary Cooper die." "With us it's different," admitted Warner. "We don't mind about Errol Flynn."

LEST YOU GATHER the impression that literary logrolling is a recent innovation Harry Bauer calls attention to this quotation from Thomas Fuller's "His-



torie of the Worthies of England," written in 1662: "Bartholomus Iscanus and Baldvinus Devonius mutually dedicated books to each other's commendation, so that neither wanted praise, nor praised itself. This, Leland calleth *Pulcherrimum Certamen*. Indeed, this alternation of reciprocal encomiums became them the better, because it was merit in both, flattery in neither." . . . Of Sir Walter Raleigh, Thomas Fuller has this to say: "At court had he many enemies and cowardly detractors (which worth never wanted) of whom Sir Walter was wont to remark, 'If any man accuseth me to my face, I will answer him with my mouth, but my tail is good enough to return an answer to such who traduceth me behind my back.' "

One of Harry Bauer's successful devices for encouraging use of the reference shelf in the University of Washington library was a quiz contest open to all undergraduates. The students dug up questions based on information contained in any one of the reference volumes. The library staff endeavored to answer them. Winners were the students who not only outwitted the experts but submitted questions which in the eyes of the judges merited the time of a reference librarian to answer.

First prize went to Jack Tuttle for "What event brought forth the statement: 'We have sighted the suburb of Pittsburgh and have taken it in tow?' " The answer was contained in A. Marjorie Taylor's "The Language of World War Two." The USS *Pittsburgh* had her entire bow ripped off by a thunderous sea in a typhoon southeast of the Ryukyus, June 5, 1945. The bow subsequently was recovered by a tug and towed to Guam for salvage. The tug sent the prize-winning message.

Another prize went to John E. Mader for "Where and by whom was the first standing army in the world organized by conscription?" The answer was to be found under "Babylonian" in Funk and Wagnall's "New Standard Dictionary." And from J. A. Hammerton's "Manners and Customs of Mankind" Frank McGowan discovered in what part of the world "It is forbidden for fighting men in wartime to partake of soup, boiled flesh, or pumpkins but only roasted meat and plantains and ripe corn so they may become hard and vigorous." The country is Southern Nigeria—and don't you go forgetting that either!

EXACT QUOTATION from Benjamin Disraeli's novel "Sybil," published in 1845: "Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance, for he had only one idea, and that was wrong." . . . Arthur Garfield Hays suggests that "cemeteries may be so quiet because the boys under the headstones are not trying to keep up with the mausoleum crowd." . . . Age has little to do with a sense of humor. In the same mail David Ullman, fourteen years old, contributes: "Waiter: 'I'm sorry, sir. Did you want these eggs turned over?' Customer: 'Yes, to the Smithsonian Institution,' " and William Frank, seventy years old, submits, "Did you know that Lady Godiva was one of the most daring gamblers in English history? She put everything she had on a horse—and won!" . . . A Hollywood trade paper, observing that "all the rich people seem to be writing novels this season," predicts that "tomes by Bobo Rockefeller, Huntington Hartford, and Ivan Obolensky, Vincent Astor's nephew, will be gracing the stalls by year's end." Wanna bet? . . . Hiram Haydn, New York editor for Indianapolis-based Bobbs-Merrill, is whooping it up for William Styron's "Lie Down in Darkness," due August 20. "The finest new American novel," enthuses Hiram, "I have read in years." . . . Inscription painted on the Jon Cor-

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nins' new washing machine: "Long may it lave."

STORY OUTLINE suggested by Charlie Morton: a polite but cold-blooded killer is apprehended by the authorities, put to death in the electric chair, and consigned forthwith to the nethermost circle of Hell. The devil in charge there looks over the new arrival with a certain amount of respect and says, "Won't you take a chair?" "No, thanks," says the always-correct felon. "I've been sitting down all morning." . . . Charlie also reports an exchange between an editor and a sales manager. Latter complains, "Our non-fiction has unimaginative titles this season. It's an unwritten law that a non-fiction book must have a crisp, revelatory title, one that gives the prospective buyer a clear idea of the contents." "Yeah," agrees the editor caustically, "I guess that explains the failure of 'Kon-Tiki.' "

A publisher's wife told Irving Hoffman, "It's not true that I married a millionaire. I made him one." "What was he before you married him?" asked Irving. The wife answered, "A multimillionaire." —BENNETT CERF.

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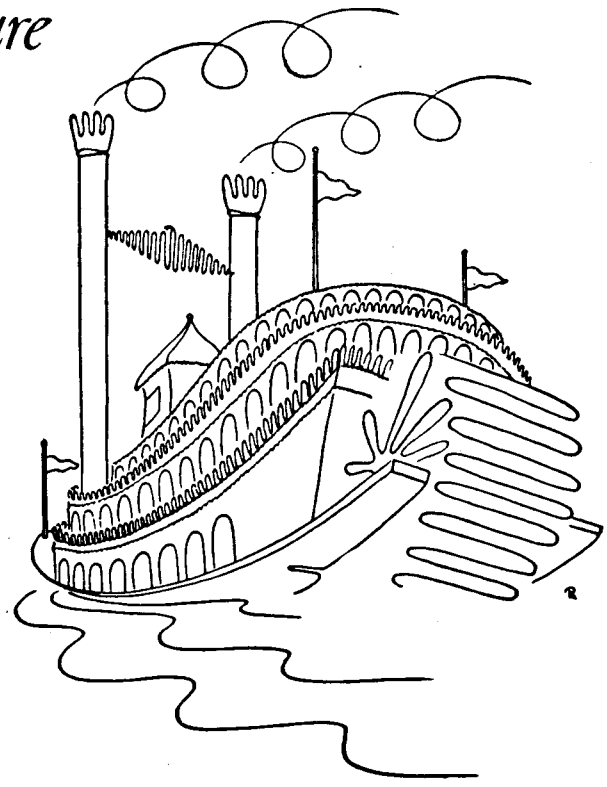
The Saturday Review of Literature

Folklore in American Prose



ERNEST E. LEISY

Ernest E. Leisy

MOST people in referring to folklore think of it in terms of ballads and songs. But, like the gentleman in Molière's play who woke up one day to the discovery that he had been speaking prose for forty years without knowing it, we have preserved in our prose writings more folklore than most of us realize. It has been so from the beginning. Were not the original discoverers of America moved to that very discovery by legends of an earthly paradise, a lost Atlantis? The early settlers of New England found in Biblical lore authority for denominating the land they were about to inhabit the "New Canaan," and the natives as "unregenerate heathen." Colonial writings, far from being dull, are full of the fabulous and the marvelous, based at times on medieval bestiaries. John Josselyn, for example, soaked up folktales like a sponge, stories of a monstrous sea serpent, of St. Elmo's fire, and of an enchanted isle. Some pioneers found congenial soil for Old World folk beliefs in the mysteries of the wilderness; others, in the extravagant myths of the aborigines. Captive experiences and witchcraft rumors went the rounds, fantasy operative in each retelling. By the time the frontier moved westward the imagery of Palestine and analogies from the Old World were largely supplanted by lore engendered by the new circumstances across the mountains.

An ever-present shaping influence upon the American myth has been the frontier. Out of its conditions has grown a unique set of folkways and, in turn, of folklore. The frontier required that men be resourceful. They must have strength and they must possess cunning. Inevitably our mythology glorified the man who could achieve, the man, if you please, who could do the impossible, and it mattered little whether his name were Benjamin Franklin or Paul Bunyan. Young Washington throwing a dollar across the Rappahannock was a man after the frontier ideal. Captain Stormalong was another such man, as was Davy Crockett, who not infrequently took the law into his own hands, and Old Hickory, whose sword bumped on the carpets of the White House; so, too, were the inventive logger Tony Beaver and the bullying keelboatman Mike Fink.

As we advanced on the industrial frontier it was appropriate that our hero should be a giant in the world of gadgets, the steel-driving man John Henry, or was he Joe Magarac or Carnegie or Henry Ford? And it was by no means inappropriate that frontier strength and cunning should be incarnated in Brer Fox, when not in that trickster Brer Rabbit, or in the Tar Baby, and, later, in the Coyote, or in the White Steed of the Prairies, even in a celebrated jumping frog. The hunter, too, was sure to inspire yarns that suited the folk mind, for hunting was the pioneer's chief enterprise. We have some pretty tall tales about the killing of bears, from the accounts of Davy Crockett and the Big Bear of Arkansas to one of the best short stories by William Faulkner. And there have been mighty exploits in killing other animals: deer, whales, panthers, buffalo, and snakes, from Cooper and Melville to Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings; even bee-hunters have fascinated our mythmakers from the time of Tom Owen to the phenomenal run of "Lightnin'." In a land of boundless opportunity it was fitting that hunters should tell stories of lost mines and hidden treasure, stories that center around Captain Kidd, Lafitte, Blackbeard, Coronado's Children. We have had, too, our Robin Hoods, tales of bad men, from the legends of the Harpes and the desperado Murrell to latter-day tales of Jesse James and Billy the Kid.

IN spite of this body of lore it cannot yet be said that we are a folk. Oral tradition is necessarily regional, the product of a sequestered area. Geographically we have had several folk units, such as the Down-East Yankees, the Smoky Mountaineers, the Pennsylvania Germans, the Louisiana Cajuns, the Minnesota Swedes, the Southern Negroes, the Southwestern Indians and Latin Americans, each with its special folkways and sayings. Occupationally, too, tales have been varied: tales about sailors, miners, lumberjacks, wheat harvesters, railroaders, cowboys, oilfield workers, and doubtless many others. Each of these developed its own jargon and superstitions, its proverbs and its humor.

Now, what has been the impact of all this activity on American prose? In the beginning of our history it was natural that there should be adaptation of Old World legends to New World settings and ways of life. Accordingly, Washington Irving naturalized German legends on the banks of the Hudson when he wrote about Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane. For such stories Irving's style, rich in physical imagery and

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dreamlike reverie, was admirably suited. Hawthorne went back to the devil-lore of Colonial New England. Cooper drew upon the lore of the Five Tribes and glamorized the legend of Daniel Boone in a pattern of fiction derived from the balladist Scott. Emerson and Thoreau seasoned their message with classical and Oriental myths.

Herman Melville was a more active participant in popular mythmaking than is generally known. Richard Chase has recently demonstrated that most of the characters in "Moby Dick" were derived from cruder types in American folklore: the two mates and Steelkilt are reminiscent of Mike Fink, and the three harpooners are folklorish; Stubb is the well-known foil of frontier jokesters; Captain Bildad is the penurious Yankee of oral tradition; Ahab is an amalgam of leadership, defiance, and self-betrayal, a Prometheus defying God. Even the style is influenced by folklore: the metaphors and the tall tales of Ishmael are comic mythology. Melville's use of folklore extends beyond his story of the fabulous beast: in "Israel Potter" John Paul Jones is another ringtailed roarer and Ethan Allen a combination of Hercules, Joe Miller, and Tom Tyler; in "The Confidence Man" there is a "Sam Slick" peddling bogus *élan* to mid-century culture. Clearly, in these works Melville was blending symbols of our egalitarian commitment with grander myths from classical and Christian tradition for satiric effect.

Meanwhile there were those who used the unpolished idiom and lore of a more isolated region. D. P. Thompson retold the legends of the exploits of the Green Mountain Boys; the Jack Downing Papers were socially important backwoods sketches, creating the effect of Yankee speech without making the oddities obtrusive as they unfolded their effortless satire; there were the Sayings of that homely peddler and clockmaker Sam Slick; and there were the Crockett almanacs, Major Jones's "Travels," "Georgia Scenes," Simon Suggs, Sut Lovingood, T. B. Thorpe, and Baldwin's "Flush Times." Most of these were from the South and had the longwinded manner and at times the rhetorical flourish of the political platform. The rural outdoors furnished the atmosphere. Joel Chandler Harris gave us without knowing it the outstanding collection of folktales of the Southern Negro. In these dramatic monologues the humor comes from the heart, while the manner of telling is subtly related to some homely task like greasing harness in which the narrator is engaged.

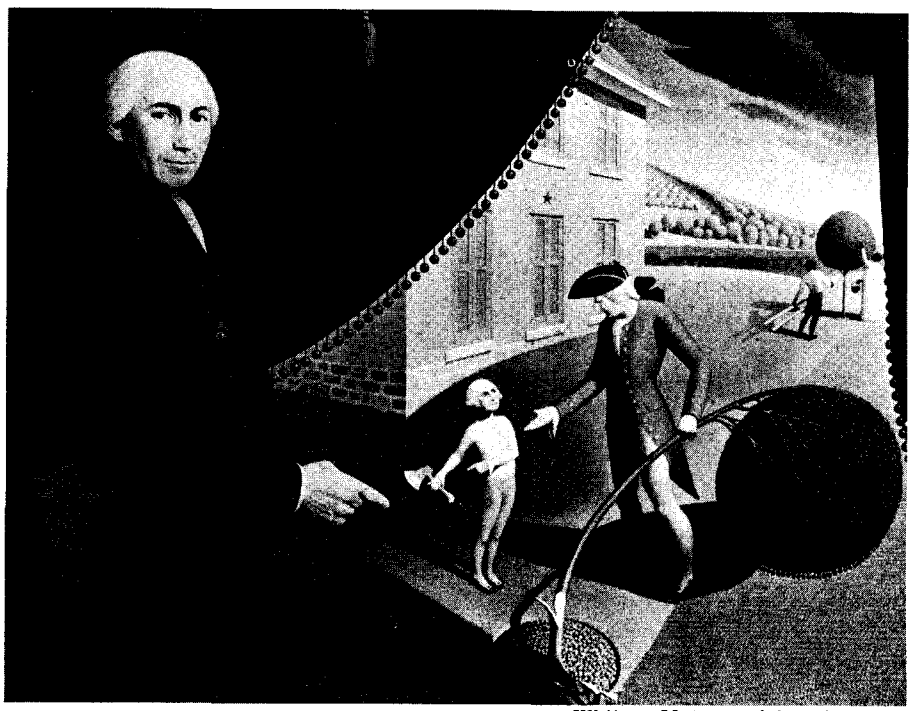
It has been said that frontier accounts appear invariably overdrawn, that they do not tally with the known facts of human behavior. Well, no one but the uninitiated minded that! The frontiersman was amused, not offended, by these charcoal sketches of him. It was his privilege to boast; bamboozling tall talk was a way of letting off steam. He entered with relish into numerous hoaxes, sent tenderfeet on snipe hunts and fool's errands, and expressed his contempt for leisure-class standards of femininity in order to shock the solemn East out of its smug complacency. Tales of eye-gouging and nose-biting fights might serve to initiate new recruits in a common struggle or they might be used to satirize one's betters, theatrics for the "outsider." They were of an essentially different order from what appeared in the august, stale, and didactic pages of the magazines of that day. They introduced a crisp and graphic literature, terse, elastic, and to the point. Whether they exaggerated or understated, their art was realistic. They were lies but they were authentic lies, whether plain or fancy! They employed a logical construction, though some of the matter at first seemed irrelevant; they used circumstantial detail to establish poetic faith; at times they repeated an obstacle in order to retard the climax; they used sudden transitions, piled up epithets, colorful figures of speech, incongruous imagery, anti-climax. The logical unit was the anecdote, the characteristic American "story." The highly involved long tale became a lost art.

THE climax in this homespun art of storytelling was reached in Mark Twain's work. By using the vernacular he was able to express his deadpan humor with lucidity and vigor. "The humorous story," he said, "depends for its effect upon the *manner* of telling. . . . The humorous story is told gravely; the teller does his best to conceal the fact that he even dimly suspects that there is anything funny about it." This sober utterance of nonsense with due attention to timing and to anticlimax made Mark Twain a popular figure for more than a generation. The "blue-jay yarn," the superstitions of "Nigger Jim," the effusions of Colonel Sellers are a vital part of the American legend. Today much of Twain seems too contrived; some of it satirizes issues no longer alive; but for a people emerging out of the perplexities of the Civil War Twain's hoaxes and fabulous anecdotes served a real purpose, acquainting the world with the superstitions of the American folk and doing it with the unfettered laughter of the West.

Localism is the very basis of folk art. It accounts for the pawky humor of Mrs. Stowe's Oldtown stories with their spare, hard background; for the mellow stories of Eggleston's Hoosiers and their homely circumstances; and many others. It is interesting to note class distinctions as Mrs. Stowe's folk want to become "folks," folks who doubtless would enjoy reading about themselves with nostalgia as, for example, in Ruth Suckow's "The Folks." Later examples of provincial types are Westcott's David Harum and Bacheller's Eben Holden with their picturesque aphorisms and Rowland Robinson's Uncle Lisha with his homely philosophy. Proverbial expression is the chief element of charm in the sayings of Josh Billings, in the crackerbox philosophy of Mr. Dooley, of Ken Hubbard, Abe Martin, and Will Rogers. Josh speaks for them all when he says, "Mankind luv to be cheated, but they want to have it dun bi an artist." Horse sense has been a pervading characteristic of American prose from the days of "Poor Richard's Almanac" to those of the "Horse and Buggy Doctor." Mule sense, William Faulkner has assured me, is even better than "hoss sense," and it is to be hoped that we may soon hear from that quarter.

Historical fiction has found a natural

(*Continued on page* 32)



—*Whitney Museum of American Art.*

"Parson Weems's Fable," by Grant Wood.

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The World.

A fortnight hence SRL *will be devoting an entire issue to the challenge Asia presents to the United States and the rest of the free world. This week we review important books dealing with two countries that comprise a vast sub-continent of Asia.* SRL *readers are already familiar with the conversations Norman Cousins held with the Prime Minister of India early this year* (SRL *April 14, 21*). *The complete text is now available in book form as "Talks with Nehru," which Lawrence K. Rosinger reviews on page 9. Pakistan, the Muslim land divided into two parts by a large segment of India, is "explained" for Americans by its Prime Minister, Liaquat Ali Khan, in "Pakistan, The Heart of Asia," reviewed on page 11. If Asia is the continent of the future, as some students of world trends insist, is Europe "through"? Hajo Holborn implies that it is, at least politically, in "The Political Collapse of Europe," reviewed by Quincy Howe.*

Light on the Modern World

THE POLITICAL COLLAPSE OF EUROPE. By Hajo Holborn. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 207 pp. $2.50.

By Quincy Howe

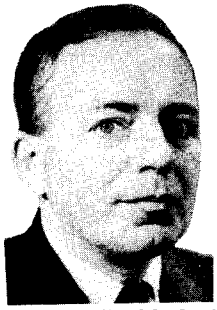
THE TITLE of Hajo Holborn's book states its theme. "The narration," he goes on to explain in his foreword, "has been confined to the minimum necessary for the understanding of the great sweep of historical events that transformed the face of Europe and the course of world history resting squarely on the shoulders of the old Continent in the nineteenth century."

Mr. Holborn writes as succinctly as Walter Lippmann wrote in "U. S. Foreign Policy." As the holder of a Ph.D. from the University of Berlin, as former assistant professor of history at Heidelberg, and now as professor of history at Yale he also writes of the past with a scholar's authority and a journalist's assurance: "The collapse of religious unity and the catastrophe of the wars of religion dethroned religion as the regulating force of Western culture. Philosophy and science took its place." No equivocation there—or in this statement: "During the three centuries before 1700 the contrast between Russian and Western civilization hardened, and this contrast has not been overcome by the Westernization of Russia in the subsequent two and a half centuries."

If Mr. Holborn writes of the past with a journalist's assurance, he writes of the present with a scholar's caution: "If Western Europe were to fall under Russian domination the industrial and military power of the Soviet Union would be increased alarmingly." Or: "It remains to be seen to what extent the Soviet threat to Western Europe will induce the European nations to unify their policies more closely." Between his challenging opening pages and his prudent close he has packed a provocative, original, and timely discussion of Europe's present distress. He dates the political collapse of Europe back to the First World War. Although he regards Winston Churchill as the only statesman of stature during the interwar years, he cannot bring himself to call the Second World War the "Unnecessary War." In Mr. Holborn's opinion "the opportunity for rebuilding an integrated political system in Europe, if it ever existed after World War I, had already been missed by the time that Hitler came to power."

He disagrees with those who look back with yearning on the Congress of Vienna. The peacemakers of that time, both victors and vanquished, agreed that they must restore the principle of legitimacy. Neither in 1919 nor today does any such agreement exist, least of all among the victors. Mr. Holborn rightly stresses the importance of Eastern Europe and the failure of the peacemakers of 1919 to create any viable economic system to replace the Austro-Hungarian Empire. As long ago as 1921 Lloyd George remarked that "the British people were not very much interested in what happened on the Eastern frontier of Germany; they would not be ready to be involved in quarrels which might arise regarding Poland or Danzig or Upper Silesia." Sixteen years later Neville Chamberlain had to contend with the same state of mind.

Mr. Holborn sees the Pripet marshes, not the Ural Mountains, as the Eastern boundary of Western Europe. The United States has become the arsenal, if not the capital, of Western civilization, with which Russia has never fully associated itself. He has scarcely more use for the Kaiser than for Hitler. Indeed, he accepts the interpretation so strongly buttressed by Konrad Heiden —that Hitler embodied the aspirations of a new dispossessed class, the unorganized, solitary, and frustrated white-collar workers. Mr. Holborn does not



THE AUTHOR: Though his book is history and an offering of facts and methods of "historical thinking" Hajo Holborn is also aware that it is "a bit of political autobiography and very personal." This awareness is of course proof of his use of the method of historical thinking, since the material and point of view of the book are totally the product of the events it examines. Now Townsend Professor of History at Yale, Hajo Holborn was born in Berlin in 1902. He was assistant professor of history at Heidelberg from 1926 to 1931 and professor of history and international relations at the University of Berlin from 1931 until 1934. Then an interchange of letters, polite but firm on both sides —from Goebbels to Holborn, Holborn to Goebbels—made it quite clear that Germany was no longer for the democracy-loving professor. He was visiting professor at Yale from 1934 to 1938 and has also been visiting professor at Harvard, Stanford, and Columbia. He likes America and is very sure of the wisdom of Goethe's remark that "the Germans would all do better if they were transplanted." He found his students the greatest help in his necessary orientation as a refugee and, in fact, in general says his own learning process is always aided by students, both graduate and undergraduate. He has a lively interest in many fields and was on leave from Yale during the war for two years with OSS in Washington. There is solid academic accomplishment in the whole family—and delight in it, too. His son and daughter are both in universities and high in standing, Mrs. Holborn is a classical scholar. His father was a professor of physics in Berlin. (Incidentally his father was a Hanoverian, his mother a Frisian, which accounts for his looking much more Dutch than German.) When he was a boy he wanted to be a writer—and is very pleased that he now can call himself one. He is known for his interest in the philosophy of history, and what is perhaps the first seminar in that philosophy was established by him at Yale. He reads widely, likes to putter in his garden (though disclaiming professional status there), enjoys a conversational whisky and soda. In both his teaching and this book he says his aim is not merely to educate and inform good scholars—it is also to educate good citizens, for which there is pressing necessity today. —K. S.

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depict Hitler as a madman nor the Nazi movement as a capitalist plot. Hitler identified himself with the Pan-German minority in Austria and therefore looked to Germany for salvation and brought to Germany the fears and suspicions that afflicted millions of survivors of the First World War. Hitler possessed not only an uncanny feeling for the weaknesses of Western civilization; the Nazis had borrowed so much from the Communists that Hitler developed quite a flair for dealing with the Russians, too.

Mr. Holborn does not analyze Stalin and Russia as shrewdly as he analyzes Hitler and Germany. He makes a good point when he describes the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 as a Russian equivalent of Munich and something for which Stalin paid a frightful price during 1941 and 1942. He endorses the unconditional surrender policy toward Germany, as if its chief purpose had been to create a split in Germany and thus to encourage the development of democracy there. At least one objection to unconditional surrender was that it tended to prolong the war and thus weakened Europe by weakening Germany. Mr. Holborn criticizes the Morgenthau Plan on this basis but not unconditional surrender—for he assumes that a healthy Europe requires a healthy Germany.

Much in this book vindicates those who questioned the wisdom of American participation in both World Wars, especially the emphasis on the present weakness of Europe and the impossibility of restoring the world of the nineteenth century. If most American isolationists took a more parochial view, most interventionists showed themselves hardly less naïve, because the Europe they thought we were fighting to save had already committed suicide. American involvement in both World Wars may now appear to have been inescapable, but that does not mean that we must take Europe's doom quite for granted.

Russia may be stronger in a military and industrial sense than ever before, but Russia today lacks most of the other attributes of a great civilization, including those attributes that so many Russians have themselves displayed in times past. The revolution now sweeping Asia looks like a more lasting challenge, and our failure to understand that revolution can prove more disastrous than our refusal to recognize the strengths and weaknesses of the Soviet regime. But Mr. Holborn has written a book that illuminates many parts of the modern world, and this journalist can only salute a historian who has shown courage and skill in applying his knowledge of the past to present problems. More power to more historians of the same persuasion!

Quincy Howe is a member of the journalism faculty at the University of Illinois and news analyst for the university's radio station. He is also the author of "A World History of Our Own Times."

Meeting of East and West

TALKS WITH NEHRU. A Discussion between Jawaharlal Nehru and Norman Cousins. New York: The John Day Co. 64 pp. $2.

By LAWRENCE K. ROSINGER

IT IS always absorbing to read a direct statement of the views of a major political leader on current developments. This is all the more true when, as here, the technique of the interview is used and the leader speaks with reasonable frankness. A slender volume, whose importance far exceeds its length, "Talks with Nehru" is largely the verbatim record of two conversations between the Indian Prime Minister and Norman Cousins early in March 1951. The text is preceded by an introduction in which three prior conversations are summarized.

Mr. Cousins visited the East at the invitation of the United States Government to lecture in Ceylon, India, and Pakistan and to survey the American information services. He reports that before seeing the Prime Minister he had been greatly disturbed by "the growing misunderstanding of, and in some instances severe hostility toward, the United States" which he had found in India.

The book contains some references to Indian domestic conditions, but its main emphasis is on Indian foreign policy and the present world crisis. The discussion underlines the fact that, while Nehru—both in his political philosophy and in his strong opposition to Indian Communism—belongs unmistakably to the non-Communist world, the gap between the prevailing Indian and American approaches to world affairs is exceedingly great. Mr. Cousins urges the crucial importance of an effort to bridge the differences and in his introduction proposes "a vital working partnership with India," emphasizing American technical knowledge and ideas. The results, he feels, "might be one of the turning points of history."

Norman Cousins and Nehru—"provocative."

Whenever the discussion focuses on the more concrete issues of foreign affairs—as contrasted with general governmental philosophy — the Indian leader and his American visitor tend to diverge substantially. There are, for example, instructive exchanges of ideas on the basic causes of fear in the present-day world, the nature of the United Nations, and allied topics.

Cousins emphasizes Communist policies as a threat to peace. Nehru calls fear "the basic threat," suggests that good and evil exist on more than one side of the international crisis, and declares that while "we must not give in to evil . . . evil is not surmounted by wrong methods that themselves produce more evil." Pointing to such matters as the veto Cousins suggests a revision of the United Nations Charter in order to produce an effective world body, which could "check and combat aggressive totalitarianism." Nehru states that he personally finds nothing wrong with the U. N. Charter, that the U.N. was formed so that "people in countries of different ways should come together around the table," and that the U.N. "puts itself in a wrong position" if it attempts to "impose its will" on a country it ignores.

Later Cousins asks whether Chinese Communist invasion of Tibet is "a direct threat to India" and whether China might be persuaded to try to fulfill Russia's "ideological and national aims" at the expense of India. Nehru declares, however, that he expects India and China to have cooperative relations, does not consider the Tibetan invasion a threat, and believes that China, although closely allied to Russia, makes its own decisions.

It must be noted, of course, that not every opinion of Nehru's constitutes Indian policy, that his words were uttered for publication, and that Cousins, as he himself states, cannot speak for the United States. Nevertheless, Nehru's words are in keeping with the actual course of Indian policy toward the cold-and-hot war, and Cousins's views are in many ways representative of the main current of American opinion. It is also true that since Cousins's role in the discussion is that of a questioner his approach is not explored as thoroughly as Nehru's. Nevertheless, the interviewer's outlook emerges clearly. The result is an extremely enlightening and provocative interplay of ideas. In view of its brevity "Talks with Nehru" can be read in a single evening; but it will provide readers with material for thought for months to come.

Lawrence K. Rosinger is a member of the staff of the Institute of Pacific Affairs. He is editor of the forthcoming book "The State of Asia."

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A Matter of Justice

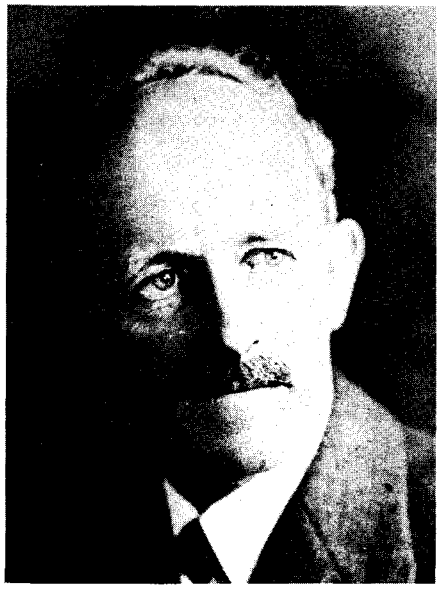
POLITICS, TRIALS AND ERRORS. By M. P. A. Hankey. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 150 pp. $2.50.

By Peter R. Levin

WERE unconditional surrender and the postwar war crimes trials the worst of all possible policies for the Allies to adopt toward the Axis? The author, who was for twenty years Permanent Secretary of the British Cabinet before his elevation to the House of Peers, answers yes. This policy, he says, "has exercised the most sinister and far-reaching influence ever since." The consequences:

"It embittered the war, rendered inevitable a fight to the finish, banged the door to any possibility of either side offering terms or opening up negotiations, gave the Germans and Japanese the courage of despair, strengthened Hitler's position as Germany's 'only hope,' aided Goebbels's propaganda, and made inevitable the Normandy landing and the subsequent terribly exhausting and destructive advance through North France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, and Germany. The lengthening of the war enabled Stalin to occupy the whole of Eastern Europe, to ring down the Iron Curtain, and so to realize at one swoop a large instalment of his avowed aims against so-called capitalism, in which he includes social democracy. By disposing of all the more competent administrators in Germany and Japan this policy rendered treaty-making impossible after the war and retarded recovery and reconstruction not only in Germany and Japan but everywhere else. It may also prove to have poisoned our future relations with ex-enemy countries. Not only the enemy countries but nearly all countries were bled white by this policy, which has left us all, except the United States of America, impoverished and in dire straits. Unfortunately also, these policies, so contrary to the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, did nothing to strengthen the moral position of the Allies."

In case you're gasping at this indictment you'll gasp further to learn that Lord Hankey does a workmanlike job of marshaling his evidence. Give Lord Hankey his due: he is no crank; he is utterly unsympathetic to the Axis; he has no desire to belittle FDR or Winston Churchill, who announced the policy at Casablanca. He is quite convincing when he argues that the Germans condemned at Nuremburg were in point of law no more aggressive against Norway than were the British, whose aggression (laying sea mines in Norwegian waters) antedated Germany's invasion. And he suggests that there could be compiled against the Russians an identical list of crimes for which the Germans were tried and convicted. As for the Tokyo defendants, he makes out a pretty clear case that justice miscarried in the jailing of Mamoru Shigemitsu, Japan's Foreign Minister, who signed the surrender.



—*British Information Services.*

Lord Hankey—"argument in blinkers."

But in a general way Lord Hankey's thesis can be criticized as tendentious in the extreme; it is an argument carried on in blinkers, ignoring large batches of contrary facts and oblivious to its own implications. Assume unconditional surrender had never been enunciated, would Germany in fact have given up much earlier? There is nothing to indicate that the Germans could have overthrown Hitler to buy an easier peace, and we would certainly have compromised and endangered ourselves by accepting any surrender that didn't acknowledge complete defeat. Surely in 1943 or 1944 we were not going to conclude any armistice that left the Nazis of the General Staff in power. And if we had not invaded the Continent would Russia be any better contained today or Communism less prevalent? On the contrary, without Western troops blocking the way the Red Army could have swept to the Atlantic. Or perhaps that wouldn't have been necessary, for the close-knit Communist groups in France, Italy, and Germany would most probably have seized control before anyone else knew what was happening. In Japan, too, any surrender that allowed the military clique to remain would have vitiated the meaning of victory.

Lord Hankey may be on sounder ground when he questions the wisdom of the trials. Assuredly there have been injustices, and several of their contributions to international law are dubious. Yet to argue that because the trials were mismanaged the law behind them was bad is equivalent to arguing that because our traffic courts are notoriously corrupt we should abolish all speed laws.

Peter R. Levin is an economist and historian.

Wedding of Paradoxes

POLITICAL REALISM AND POLITICAL IDEALISM. By John H. Herz. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 275 pp. $3.75.

By Hans J. Morgenthau

THE history of Western political thought is dominated by the conflict between two types of mind and schools of thought: those who are mainly concerned with the establishment of a rational political order; and those who are concerned with finding out how things actually are rather than with changing them. In a sense one can say that this conflict between two conceptions of political philosophy had already come to the fore in Plato's polemics against the Sophists, on the one hand, and in Aristotle's polemics against Plato, on the other. However, it was only with Machiavelli that this conflict entered fully into the consciousness of the Western world. For it was Machiavelli who proclaimed in so many words that, in contrast to the political philosophies preceding him, it was his purpose to consider things as they actually are rather than as they ought to be.

The nineteenth century opened a new chapter in this perennial conflict. That century witnessed for the first time in the history of the Western world the triumph in the realm of political action of a political philosophy which was concerned more with the transformation of society in the image of a rational ideal than with the understanding of the social forces which actually mold the political world. It is this triumph and the ultimate failure of political liberalism, born of the marriage between philosophic rationalism and the economic, social, and political ascendancy of the middle classes, which form the starting point of John H. Herz's book. That prototype of "political idealism" believed—and according to the author quite mistakenly—that violence and oppression, injustice and inequality, the very phenomenon of power itself were mere accidents of history which could be eliminated once and for all through the rational processes of political, social, and economic reform.

The inevitable disappointment of these utopian expectations, especially in the field of international relations, has given rise to a philosophic counter-movement, which the author calls "political realism." This philosophy takes the ubiquitous and perennial character of power for granted and sees the task of politics primarily, if not exclusively, in the use of power for the interests of the actors on the political scene.

While political idealism is always in danger of degenerating into utopianism and, hence, of failing in political practice, political realism is exposed to the risk of degenerating into moral cynicism, the equation of right with

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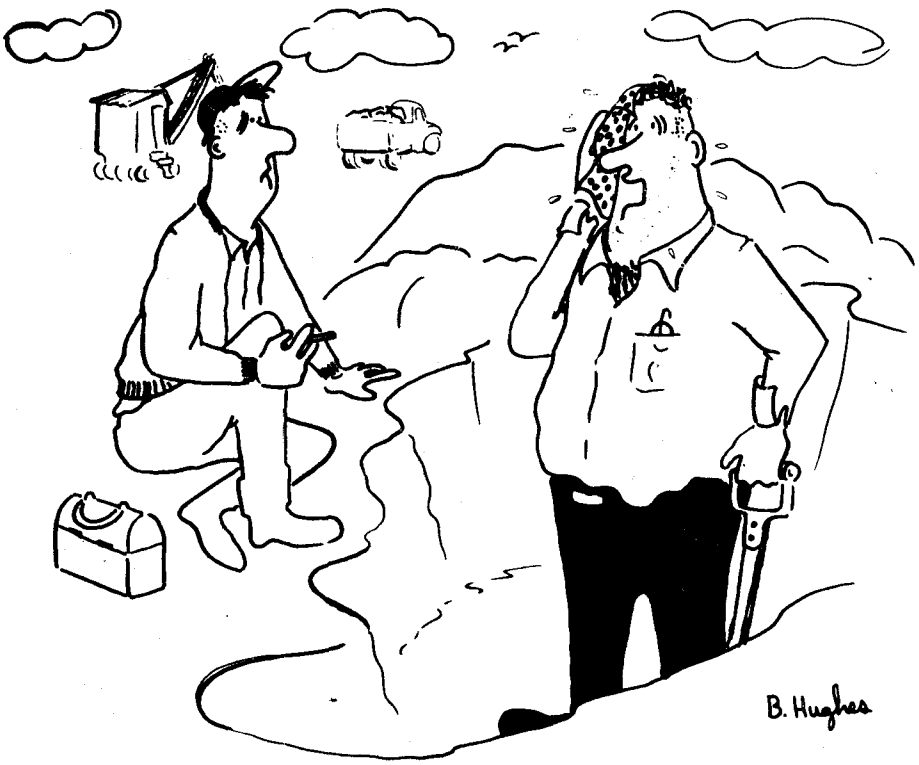
might, and the defense of the status quo, whatever it may be. In the face of this dilemma Professor Herz has set himself the task of combining the factual insights of political realism with the ideals of political idealism. He calls this combination "realist liberalism." He writes: "A basically liberal philosophy may be founded on the insights supplied by Realism, at the same time that it is guided ethically by the standards of Idealism, namely, concern for the individual and the free development of human personality and insistence on the universality of these standards. . . . Such an attitude could lead to a policy of Realist Liberalism, which, by avoiding the pitfalls of both Political Idealism and Political Realism, would serve as basis for political action with attainable goals."

As is generally the case in such undertakings, the author succeeds much better in his analysis of the weaknesses of the historic philosophies than in the construction of a new one. The dilemma which Professor Herz tries to overcome is a real one. But can it be overcome by simply combining the empirical elements of realism with certain elements of idealism? Is it really enough to accept both the universality of power as an empirical fact and the concern for the individual and its free development as an ideal postulate? And is not the real problem, rather, how under the moral and material conditions of the contemporary world the liberal concern for the individual can be satisfied?

The solution which the author has to offer amounts to little more than the common-sense advice to do the best you can under prevailing circumstances in approaching as far as possible the liberal ideal. The author has little to say about the profound paradox that the main threat to individual freedom in our day emanates from the two heirs of eighteenth-century rationalism and nineteeth-century liberalism: the Bolshevists, erecting the belief in the attainability of a rational order into a political religion justifying all means supposed to serve the rational end; and the liberal conservatives, who in their belief in the inherent rationality of society would deliver the individual without protection to the giant social forces which have grown from economic and technological developments. Having completed his manuscript in 1945 Professor Herz has still less to say about the rather important discussions of his problem which have appeared here and abroad in the last six years. So important a book as E. H. Carr's "The Twenty Years' Crisis" is not even mentioned. Despite these shortcomings this book makes an important and brilliant contribution to political philosophy. It formulates one of the basic dilemmas of contemporary political philosophy and practice and takes at least a tentative step toward overcoming the dilemma.

Hans J. Morgenthau is professor of political science at the University of Chicago. His books include "The Concept of Politics and the Theory of International Disputes" and "Politics Among Nations: The Struggle for Peace and Power." Recently he edited "Germany and the Future of Europe."



"Oh, I'm a Ph.D. in political science. I just work like this in the summer so I can afford to teach."

Saga of a New State

PAKISTAN, THE HEART OF ASIA. By Liaquat Ali Khan. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 151 pp. $3.

By Richard D. Lambert

THIS collection of the public utterances of Liaquat Ali Khan during his tour of the United States and Canada a year ago last May and June is an important book. As Prime Minister of Pakistan and direct heir to the tradition of resurgent Islam in South Asia Liaquat holds a crucial position within Asia. The increasing importance of Asia and particularly the Southern rim from Indonesia to Iran gives special urgency to the affairs of a dominion not yet four years old. Little more than a decade has passed since the All-India Muslim League proposed to carve two enclaves from British India and form a separate Muslim state. The realization of this demand in 1947 created a new country plagued by seemingly insurmountable administrative difficulties, bereft of trained civil servants, experienced commercial and industrial personnel, large ports, power stations, and mills.

The backwash of a long struggle to win a separate state produced a potent *esprit de corps* in the new country. Its national pride is constantly nurtured upon fears of a return to the domination of Hindu India. It is essentially the euphoria of a battle won and the link of a common religion which bind together the two sections of a country separated by nearly a thousand miles of Indian territory. Pakistan's importance arises out of its strategic position and out of its vital role in the stability of South Asia.

It is always interesting to note what a practised public speaker provided with an audience and a cause to espouse feels it wise to tell that audience. What, for instance, did Liaquat Ali Khan select out of the innumerable aspects of Pakistani life to tell Americans? Aside from calling attention to the infant country, which his presence alone accomplished, his presentation included a defense against charges frequently leveled at the structure of his state and a picture of a sound economy with scope for American investment.

There are three factors which have plagued Pakistan at the bar of world opinion. First, the conception of an Islamic state jars against Western sentiments, which favor separation of state and religion. In his speeches Liaquat represented this conception as merely a kind of Christian ethic tailored to fit conditions in Asia. Top Governmental opinion in Pakistan seems to favor just such an interpretation. The leadership both at present and in the struggle for Pakistan's creation was drawn from the more secular elements of the Muslim community. However, there is a basic dilemma in the foundation of an Islamic state which

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even now hinders the formulation of a constitution. Under Islamic tradition the function of the state is to serve the Faith. Although there is no official clergy in Islam, those learned in Islamic law and the Koran should be the judges of close adherence to Islamic ideals. In Pakistan this group is largely a conservative force.

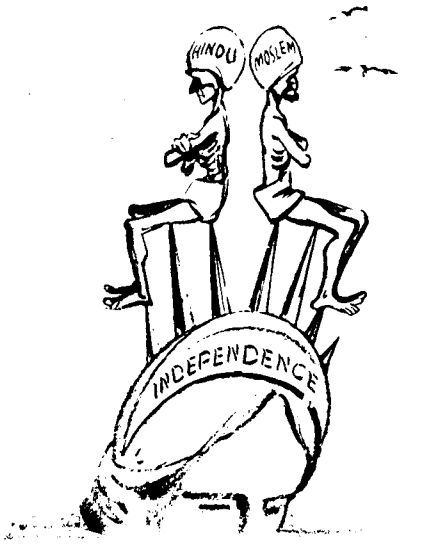
The second of these factors also arises from the Islamic orientation of Pakistan. Jinnah's primary argument for the creation of Pakistan was that the Muslims were a separate nation. A corollary of this was that non-Muslims (*i.e.* Hindus) were not a part of that nation. With the establishment of Pakistan the geographic conception of a nation was adopted and non-Muslims were promised equality, protection, and full citizenship. After the violent migrations of 1947 there were still more than twelve million Hindus left in Eastern Pakistan. In increasing numbers they drifted out of Muslim East Bengal, and the Hindu reactions across the border precipitated a series of disastrous riots which brought the Indian and Pakistani nations to the verge of war. In April 1950 a pact was signed between Liaquat Ali Khan and Jawaharlal Nehru promising protection of religious minorities within the two countries. The war fever abated, but the minorities have continued to trickle across the border.

The third issue is the continuing quarrel over Kashmir. Both Pakistan and India seem to feel that America is supporting Pakistan in its efforts to win the princely state in the Himalayas. Liaquat in his speeches did not argue Pakistan's case, but he frequently mentioned the issue to keep it before the American public.

In the economic sphere the story that Liaquat relayed was unusual for the so-called underdeveloped areas. It was a story of a country with a favorable dollar balance, a country that had gambled on non-devaluation and won, while the rest of the Commonwealth devalued its currency, and a country with little internal pressure from active Communists. A spiraling world market for jute and cotton made its heavily burdened economy viable. Liaquat was seeking American investment both upon the basis of need and of soundness. Pakistan requires foreign capital for even minimal industrialization. But it is rare today that the needy countries can also promise fair rewards with little threat of confiscation.

In general the speeches of Liaquat Ali Khan give an authentic view of the face that the new Dominion of Pakistan presents to America. The view is interesting, detailed, and highly important. It is unusual that the man most responsible for determining current policy is also the one to state to us that policy and its background.

Richard D. Lambert is associated with the South Asia Regional Studies Division of the Graduate School of Arts and Science at the University of Pennsylvania.



—*Burck in the* Chicago Times.

"Doing It the Hard Way."

World Notes

A HISTORY OF CHINA. By Wolfram Eberhard. University of California Press. $4.50. This new one-volume history of China from the earliest times is justified on three counts. One, more patient and exact methods of research have modified and expanded our knowledge of Chinese history very considerably in recent years. Two, the older dynastic periodization has yielded to a closer study of China's internal sociological evolution and external contacts with contingent cultures. Three, the critical developments in East Asia since World War II have directed the attention of the American public to the background and enduring characteristics of the Chinese people.

Professor Eberhard has prepared this authoritative text for the layman who wishes to see the long history of China set in a just perspective that will illuminate the broad general trends. After a brief summary entitled Prehistory he devotes twelve chapters to the 3,400 years from 1450 B.C. to the present. His emphasis is cumulative, the space allotment increasing from some two pages a century to nearly twenty. The final chapter, The Republic, gives twenty-five pages to the years 1912-1945. Thus the work affords a firm and cogent summation of Chinese society, its structure, evolution, and vicissitudes in the past, after which the reader can turn to other more detailed analyses for strictly contemporary developments. Six maps, seventeen illustrations, and fourteen pages of bibliographical notes help to demonstrate the care, thought, and scholarly integrity that make this a lucid and dependable guide.

THE GENIUS OF EUROPE. By Havelock Ellis. Rinehart. $3. Shortly before Ellis's long life as a scientist, psychologist, and man of letters ended in 1939 he wrote an "Author's Note" to precede this collection of essays that have now been prepared for publication by Mme. Françoise Delisle. All but two have appeared in magazines or reviews, but Ellis hoped to combine them into a unified volume of "The Genius of Europe." Written between 1901 and 1939, they analyze what Ellis believed to be the enduring characteristics of the English, French, Russians, Germans, and Spaniards.

Some of his opinions—those penned over a quarter of a century ago in particular—do not seem to jibe with the national character of the French, Germans, and Russians as revealed in recent years, but this adds rather than detracts from their interest. For Ellis believed in the enduring influence of heredity. Even when it is difficult to agree with his conclusions his positive and persuasive style, so justly acclaimed, compels the reader to re-examine the beliefs of the present generation in the longer perspective of history. Although this posthumous volume adds nothing that modifies the challenging and sometimes dogmatic views Ellis embodied in the score of books he published during his lifetime, the compiler and the publisher are to be congratulated on making these essays available in a compact form.

POLAND IN WORLD CIVILIZATION. By Roman Dyboski. J. M. Barrett Corp., New York. 285 *pp.* $4.50. The late Roman Dyboski, a lifelong student of English and American culture, strove with unusual success in his many books and innumerable lectures to interpret the Polish and English-speaking peoples to one another. The present work of nine chapters is predominantly a cultural history of Poland for English readers. The first five chapters discuss the internal conditions and external relations of this "Bulwark of Christendom" up to its partitioning in the later eighteenth century. Chapter VI deals with The Pole Abroad, Chapter VII with Education and Research in Modern Poland (after 1831), Chapter VIII with Achievements in Art and Literature, and Chapter IX with the Twenty Years of Independence (from 1919 to 1939). There are a reading list of recommended books available in English, an index, two end maps, and a portrait of the author.

The work will be welcome as a detailed and sympathetic study of Polish contributions to Western civilization and as additional reading for students taking courses in Central and Eastern European history. The casual reader who is unacquainted with the outlines of Polish history may have difficulty threading his way through the maze of detail, for the author's rather loose topical discussions and absence of a consistent plan lead to a crossing and recrossing of the same tracks.

—Geoffrey Bruun.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT SINCE 1918. By Sir Gilbert Campion. Macmillan. $3.75. The brevity of these six expert, highly concentrated essays on modern British government should deceive no one. Written by as many eminent au-

(*Continued on page* 48)

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The Last Boswell Paper

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

SCENE: The Elysian Fields. (*Dr. Samuel Johnson, standing, looks up from a book whose pages he has been ruffling impatiently. He puts it back on a shelf which exists for him alone and turns to a stranger seated on what the stranger thinks is a large stone.*)

JOHNSON: Sir, not less than two hours have passed since I first observed you. You have said nothing. Are you rational? Are you capable of articulate speech?

THE STRANGER: I have not thought anything worth saying this week.

JOHNSON: Sir, I have run about the world more than most, and I have never yet met anyone whom such a consideration restrained. You are affecting a singularity which you hope will bring you into notice. Cant is cant and no better for being of a new kind. You could say that it is a fine day. You would not care whether it is a fine day or not, and I would know that you did not care. But it is out of such nothings that most conversations are made. No man need *be* a fool, but in civilized company it is often proper that he should behave like one.

THE STRANGER: The little I have seen of civilized company makes me regret that I have ever seen anything of it. That this is a fine day is a fact too inexpressibly important to be mentioned lightly.

JOHNSON: Then, sir, you *are* a fool and that is worse than seeming one. No sensible man really cares whether the weather is fine or not. No civilized man is out in it for long. You are not an Englishman.

THE STRANGER: I am a citizen of Concord.

JOHNSON: And what, sir, is this Concord?

THE STRANGER: A village in Massachusetts. I came from America.

JOHNSON: That, sir, does not surprise me. I am surprised that anyone should *stay* there.

THE STRANGER: I was born at the most favored spot in the world, and just in the nick of time, too.

JOHNSON: Pooh. Bute was a Scotchman and therefore a fool. Otherwise we should soon have taught the rebels all that rebels need to learn. But the Americans are punishing themselves. Converse with no one but red savages and you will soon *be* red savages. Who ever wrote a book in America?

THE STRANGER: I did.

JOHNSON: And what was this *American* book about?

THE STRANGER: A year by a pond side.

JOHNSON: Ho, ho. In England we learn wisdom from books; in America you learn it from ponds. No one can take anything out of his head that he has not first put into his head. Put pond water in and you will get pond water out. I wager, sir, it was a very *watery* book. But perhaps *Americans* like pond water. Did it sell? Did the printers get their money back?

THE STRANGER: I did not write it to sell.

JOHNSON: No one but a fool ever wrote for anything except money.

THE STRANGER: No one but a fool ever sold more of his time than he had to. I have sold less than most. I have proved that no man need live by the sweat of his brow unless he sweats a great deal more easily than I do. I built a house and I lived in it for a year at a total cost of sixty-one dollars and ninety-nine cents.

JOHNSON: Sir, you did not live, you existed. I pay my black servant Francis more than that.

THE STRANGER: I keep no horses to feel my oats for me and I keep no servant to do my living for me. I find it too sweet. I would do it myself.

JOHNSON: And what, sir, did you *do* while existing by a pond? By what occupation did you avoid the contemplation of vacuity? How did you palliate the evils of existence?

THE STRANGER: I watched the pond freeze in autumn and I watched it thaw in spring.

JOHNSON: Bozzy should hear you talk. He, too, would have it believed that he likes "wild prospects" — when his father or his wife keeps him from London. Once, sir, he undertook to compare a Scotch inlet with the Bay of Naples. Water, I told him, is much the same everywhere. And what, pray, is so different about this American pond?

THE STRANGER: I do not want water to be different. Because it is the same everywhere I can do all my traveling in Concord.

JOHNSON: London, sir, would make five hundred of your Concords. The full tide of human existence flows at Charing Cross. It is a microcosm. He who is tired of London is tired of life.

THE STRANGER: Everything is a microcosm. All Africa and India are within me. A man who is tired of London is not tired of life. He is tired of too many men too much alike. When he leaves it he may begin to live. And of that he will not tire so easily.

JOHNSON: Monboddo, sir, is interested in such "natural" fellows. Perhaps you Americans are that tribe with tails he is always expecting to find. He would be pleased to examine you. But what man who ever dreamed of murmuring brooks and bleating flocks did not return to London Bridge as soon as ever he could? The emptiness which the Pharaohs could not fill with pyramids cannot be filled with mere rustic pursuits. The remedy for the ills of life is palliative rather than radical. The soul must be distracted. And London is the great metropolis of palliatives.

THE STRANGER: Even by Walden Pond I was distracted too often. Would that I never was for one instant. Life is too short as it is. Even *I* may die without knowing that I have lived.

JOHNSON: Life, sir, is a condition in which there is more to be endured than to be enjoyed. Americans are not exempt from the human condition.

THE STRANGER: I find mine inexpressibly sweet.

JOHNSON: (*With sudden vehemence*) Have you ever considered, sir, that you may go to Hell?

THE STRANGER: No.

JOHNSON: (*Earnestly*) I should not like to be in your condition.

THE STRANGER: And I should not like to be in yours.

JOHNSON: Are you so sure that you have made your peace with God?

THE STRANGER: I am not aware that we ever quarreled.

JOHNSON: (*Mutters frantically to himself and touches what looks like a post to him, like a stump to the stranger*) Sir, I would not discuss generosity with Chartris nor chastity with Lady Diana, and I will not discuss religion with you. A whore is a whore and an atheist is an atheist. . . . But even Americans must eat. Food is a universal topic. Are there taverns in Massachusetts? Has the art of cookery penetrated there? What is your favorite *American* dish?

THE STRANGER: Whichever one is nearest me at table. In the woods I once felt a strong desire to devour a woodchuck raw. At Walden I ate molasses and Indian meal. I drink no alcoholic liquors lest they should spoil my taste for water.

JOHNSON: He who has no care for his belly is not likely to care for anything else. (*Thoughtfully*) De Mullin has charge of my kitchen. But I have no spit.

THE STRANGER: No more have I. Perhaps we will agree at last.

JOHNSON: I doubt it, sir, and I should not be well content if I did not doubt it. You are an enthusiast. You think all mankind before you wrong. Or perhaps you have taken a fancy to pretend so. No man can talk nonsense well who does not know that it is nonsense. Whatever has never been thought before is not likely to be true. Nothing that is odd will do for long. Commonsense will reassert itself. You, sir, like the poet Gray, have found out a new way of being dull and you expect,

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therefore, that people will think you are great. In a word, sir, you are extravagant.

THE STRANGER: My only fear is that I shall not be extravagant enough. The wild goose who breaks his fast in Canada and plumes himself for the night in a Southern bayou is not extravagant. It depends on how you are yarded. The sun is extravagant, and God is extravagant. Would I could equal them!

JOHNSON: Sir! Will you not talk about Tom Thumb or the Punic Wars? I will abstract my attention. The cant about ancient Rome is not worse than the cant about Nature. I would as soon read a pastoral poem. Have you read "Lycidas"? *You* would like it.

THE STRANGER: I am a graduate of Harvard College.

JOHNSON: I am a doctor of Oxford University, where all the branches of learning are cultivated.

THE STRANGER: As at Harvard, no doubt —all the branches and none of the roots.

JOHNSON: In a land where no learning is to be found you are no doubt wise to despite it.

THE STRANGER: On the contrary, I learn something every day. There is more going on in Hubbard's meadow than even I suspected.

JOHNSON: Do you not reverse the wisdom of the ages?

THE STRANGER: The wisdom; but not the folly.

JOHNSON: And is all that, sir, to be found in ponds? Is not some of it in books?

THE STRANGER: Decayed literature makes the richest soil.

JOHNSON: Have a care, sir, or you will deviate into sense. You have very nearly forgot to be extravagant. Fools do not attract attention in their moments of sanity. No one would visit Bedlam if its inmates were not dependably mad. Did they, sir, ever lock you up in Concord?

THE STRANGER: Once. But it was for refusing to pay a tax.

JOHNSON: That, sir, I find is an American mania. Was this tax on tea?

THE STRANGLR: It was on black men.

JOHNSON: Ha! How is it that we heard the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of Negroes? I should think the souls of the Africans would sit heavy on the swords of Americans.

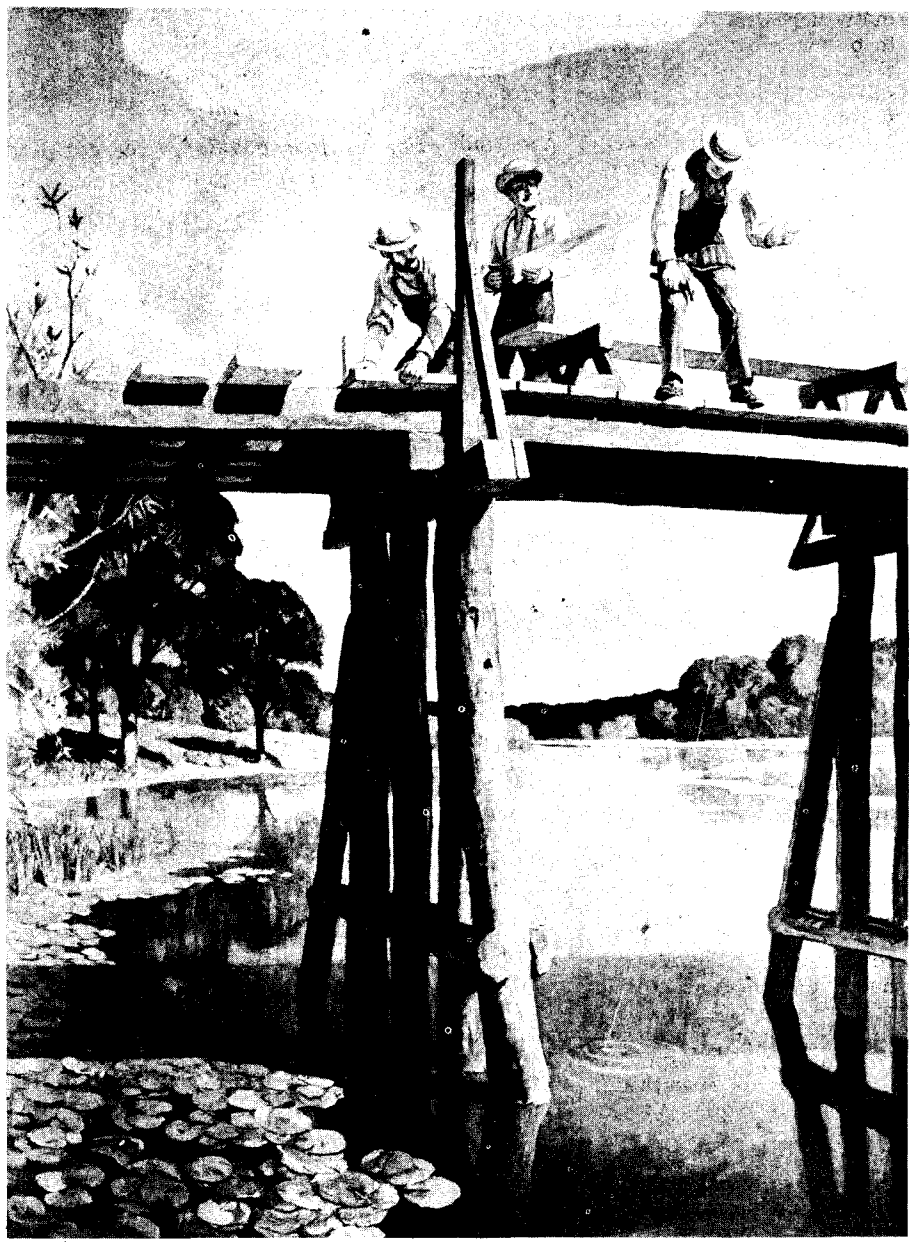
THE STRANGER: So, sir, should I.

JOHNSON: And yet, sir, no man is much distressed by public affairs. We say that our heart bleeds for our country, but we eat our dinners none the less.

THE STRANGER: It interfered with the pleasure of my walks.

JOHNSON: But not, sir, with your dinner. I gave poor Noll Goldsmith the moral for his poem:

> How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which kings or laws can cause or cure.
> Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
> Our own felicity we make or find.



—*From "Men of Concord."*

"Walden Pond," by N. C. Wyeth.

THE STRANGER: I did not so much regret the condition of my country as I regretted that I had ever heard about it. I did not come into this world to make it better but to live in it, be it good or bad. I have tried doing good, and I found that it did not agree with my constitution.

JOHNSON: No man, sir, knows for what he came into this world. It is not for him, sir, to say. I have neglected my duty and I have no doubt that you have neglected yours. May God forgive me. Several poor wretches live in my house. They do not contribute to its peace. But if they did not live there I do not know where they would live. Have you fed the poor?

THE STRANGER: I have offered to make several poor families as rich as myself, but they preferred to stay as they were. No man can be saved who will not save himself. It is hard to have a Southern overseer; it is worse to have a Northern one; but worst of all is when you are the slave-driver yourself. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by thirty, its Augean stables never cleansed. The luxuriously rich are not simply kept warm but unnaturally hot; they are cooked *à la mode.*

JOHNSON: Sir, you have read that scoundrel Rousseau.

THE STRANGER: At Walden I read in an older book and I needed no Rousseau to turn the pages for me.

JOHNSON: If you *will* talk the common cant of "luxury" I shall bid you good morning. Go converse with your red savages. They, sir, have not been corrupted by luxury. They may take your scalp, sir, but hair, sir, is a luxury.

THE STRANGER: I could learn as much from red savages as from white ones.

JOHNSON: *You* could. But I, sir, am not an American. We, sir, have outlived

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many heresies. You must not expect us to be astonished by strange doctrines. Milton was a heretic, but Milton himself could not triumph for long over sense.

THE STRANGER: The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.

JOHNSON: All rational creatures lead lives of desperation. Between the distresses of this life and the terrors of the life to come how, sir, should a man not be desperate?

THE STRANGER: One world at a time!

JOHNSON: I perceive, sir, that you are an atheist only as a dog is an atheist. You have never thought about the matter.

THE STRANGER: Tom Hyde, the tinker, standing on the gallows was asked if he had anything to say. "Tell the tailors," said he, "to remember to make a knot in their thread before they take their stitch." His companion's prayer is forgotten.

JOHNSON: I trust, sir, that God will not forget mine. Not an hour passes that I do not think on my maker.

THE STRANGER: He that thinks much of tomorrow is not well employed today. Do not concern yourself about your health, even in this world. For all you know you may be dead already. God did not send me into this world without some spending money.

JOHNSON: If I had no thought of futurity I should spend my life driving rapidly in a post chaise with a pretty woman. And no man, to be sure, is compelled to do as much as he can. He has a right to some time to himself. He who can see his third dinner ahead may be said to enjoy, as this world goes, a lengthy prospect. But a man *is* required to do *something*, and I trust God will consider that I have done enough.

THE STRANGER: Even the Bible is a somewhat provincial book. A new man will not need ancient wisdom.

JOHNSON: There will be no new man. Human nature, sir, is known, and so are the ways of the world. What five thousand years has not changed will not be changed by five thousand more. You must not suppose that the laws of nature will be suspended for you. God did not intend that human life should be passed in a state of felicity. Existence at its best is mediocre. Man could not endure either the trials of his daily life or the terrible prospect of death were he not diverted. Some diversions God has forbidden or, like the pleasures of sense, permitted only under certain circumstances. To others he has set wider limits. But it is not possible for man to be content. Like the beasts, he is hungry and thirsty, but, though, like them, he is pained with want, he is not, like them, satisfied with fulness. He has some latent need for which this place affords no gratification, some desires distinct from sense which are not fulfilled. The remedy for the ills of life—I repeat it, sir,—is palliative rather than radical.

THE STRANGER: I have heard no such bad news. The heavens rejoice and so

(*Continued on page* 34)

Fiction. *Fashions in fiction change with the seasons, but one type flourishes perennially—the novel about religion. This year has seen the publication of four books that rephrased and embroidered Biblical tales: Paul Fox's account of the events leading up to the Crucifixion, "The Daughter of Jairus," (SRL Feb. 10), Dayton Mayrant's story of the wife of Pontius Pilate, "First the Blade" (Jan. 20), LeGette Blythe's portrait of Judas Iscariot, "A Tale for Judas" (June 2), and now Zofia Kossak's work about Abraham, "The Covenant," reviewed below. To the shelf of books about contemporary men and women trying to lead Christian lives (W. E. Barrett's "Left Hand of God," Feb. 10, and Francis Cardinal Spellman's "The Foundling," May 26, are recent examples) is now added Margaret Echard's "The Return of Christopher" (page 16). . . . Enchanting reading about a timeless land not on any map is provided by Gordon McDonnell's "The Clocktower."*

The Story of Nomad Abraham

THE COVENANT. By Zofia Kossak. Translated by H. C. Stevens. New York: Roy Publishers. 375 *pp.* $3.50.

By ROBERT PICK

BEST KNOWN in this country for her successful novel about St. Francis of Assisi, Zofia Kossak—a woman who suffered greatly during the late war—has an impressive number of books to her credit; her bibliography includes fiction dealing with the history of her native Poland, folklore stories, and a series of novels about the Crusades. She is a devout Catholic. She is a storyteller of uncommon imagination and an indefatigable researcher. Judging by the translation of her work, she is no great stylist.

These traits are visible in her latest offering, a novel about Abraham, apparently the first volume of a planned larger undertaking. Mme. Kossak has read a great deal about the period of the patriarchs—or about what scholars assume is their period. At the very opening of this book she devotes a whole paragraph to currency matters in ancient Ur; and throughout her colorful narrative (which surprisingly takes Abraham even to Egypt) she scatters similar information—correct information, no doubt, but hardly of much help in bringing to life what makes Abraham's story meaningful: the birth of monotheism.

Zofia Kossak—"uncommon imagination."

Now, Mme. Kossak is far above the run-of-the-mill "religious" novelist. She has given serious thought to that tremendous event. She does report on it; and the Biblical words which from time to time appear in her narrative have kept all their impact upon the reader despite their imbedment in so much realistic detail. But why Adonai chooses Ab-Ram—how, in other words, this particular Hebrew nomad singlehandedly arrives at the revolutionary notion of the one invisible God—as a development is not really enacted. Ab-Ram is averse to the pagan practices of his surroundings from the very moment the reader meets him; and the rest, as retold by this author, does not succeed in making that development in the man Abraham understandable. Perhaps a writer so deeply religious as Mme. Kossak is bound to add no more than illustrations to the account of the Bible. Hence, probably, the profusion of her detail.

At heart Mme. Kossak is a medievalist, and she adopts the custom of medieval fiction to "identify" the figures of the Old Testament with those of the New. So, for instance, the boy Isaac on the way to the sacrifice is made to cry out: "My father, why have you forsaken me?" Or Abraham is made to watch the sacrifice of bread and wine in Melchizedek's temple. Such allusions of course have their place in devotional writing. But since at the same time Mme. Kossak uses psychological methods to get deeper into her characters her story becomes a hybrid.

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—*Bullock's Studio.*

Gordon McDonnell and Margaret Echard—"outside the common pattern."

Time Is an Evil Eye

THE CLOCKTOWER. By Gordon McDonnell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 310 pp. $3.

By JOSEPH HITREC

IT IS certain that Gordon McDonnell, once an officer in the Indian Army, must have spent some time in the Himalayas and fallen in love with them. Nothing else would account for the mystic accents he drifts into quite naturally when writing of those mountains. But, caught between the author's frankly sentimental intentions and the mannerisms of his modified realistic prose, the Himalayas come off a trifle less than a self-conscious version of themselves. Yet "The Clocktower" is clean and readable escapism all the same.

The Himalayan principality of Kotpal might have been dreamed up by James Hilton and Professor Dunne working together. It squats at the foot of a forbidding peak, whose gleaming perennial ice the people of Kotpal invest with supernatural powers. A sort of mixture of theocracy and oligarchy, Kotpal is lately shaken by its ruler's decision to install a clock in the capital —an evil eye which the Kotpalis fear might antagonize their mountain god, Mungyasar. Inside this blueprint of a plot Mr. McDonnell arrays his forces—reactionary, liberal, radical, even anarchist.

Chetan, the old chief of the state's durbar, is a symbol of continuity in Kotpal's slow-moving march of generations, and through him we are vouchsafed a sense of the past and present in fitting attrition. His son Lobi is the new generation, of which the ruler Hislord is also one. Other people provide the secondary elements of the pattern—Chetan's wife, the agitator Saila, who is the rallying point of Kotpal's chafing youth, and the ruler Hislord, who, like the late Amannullah of Afganistan, wants to streamline his people by treading on their fondest superstitions. Viewing all this with an icy eye is Mungyasar, the pinnacled embodiment of the timeless grandeur and jealous powers of the Himalayas.

Up to this point "The Clocktower" generates enough quaintness and Asiatic medievalism to make it engaging in a way all its own—but now the exigencies of storytelling as Mr. McDonnell sees it begin to impinge. The spell disintegrates in a rigged climax of action. Unrest boils up in the valley, spearheaded by the agitator Saila. Chetan's efforts to patch up things fail when neither the ruler nor his subjects will listen to reason; disgrace looms still bigger when Chetan's son abducts a neighboring girl without a due purchase and joins a dynamiting party at the clocktower. But the explosion dosen't quite come off and Saila is apprehended. Popular fears are laid to rest when the sun does rise the following morning—the mountain god has decided to go along with the clock, after all. Tempers duly ease off all round.

Still, entirely to Mr. McDonnell's credit, Kotpal lingers on in the reader's mind—despite a prose that is a metallic progression of declarative clauses and a dialogue that recalls the Castillian English of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." In the last analysis the identity or fictitiousness of Kotpal is unimportant. It is enough to know that somewhere beside a Himalayan crag there must be a valley where tomorrow and yesterday are of the same age, where people refuse to have Time encompassed and doled out with the notches of a clock.

Joseph Hitrec is the author of several novels on India, including "Sun of the Moon" and "Angel of Gaiety."

Searching Man

THE RETURN OF CHRISTOPHER. By Margaret Echard. New York: Doubleday & Co. 304 pp. $3.50.

By EDMUND FULLER

IN "The Return of Christopher" Margaret Echard gives us a religious novel outside the common pattern. As storyteller she keeps any such classification of it at arm's length through three-quarters of her narrative but is unequivocal when she takes off the wraps. If a review gives her away it should not matter, for the things which bring the body and force to her novel are the how and why in the story of the "return" of Christopher Gayle.

We meet him first in the familiar role of the returned soldier, apparently suffering the acute psychological disorientation common to his situation. He declines good teaching offers at engineering schools—his prewar work—saying, "I'm not prepared to teach yet. I want to study." His wife is determined to give him the divorce she is sure he wants.

From this base Miss Echard takes us back to Christopher's boyhood. His father, Arthur Gayle, though not a minister, is a kind of modern, Presbyterian Mr. Pontifex, with affections centered upon another son, Calvin, whom he has dedicated to the church. The first crisis of spirit for Christopher results from Calvin's death, when wise Dr. Muncie of Princeton Seminary, aware of the spiritual sensitivity of Christopher, cautions him, "It would be a great mistake to enter the ministry just to make up to your father for his disappointment." The harsh, narrow misdirection of his father's religious life can only force a boy of Christopher's discernment to turn from it.

Christopher's maturing is the hesitant process inevitable in a thoughtful young man with a keen sense of justice and of values. He works patiently through his problems of moral choice, of intellectual honesty, and of fair dealings. His qualities exasperate but fascinate the glamorous, selfish Maureen; they cause him to risk compromise with the earthy, amoral Jesse Yager; they establish a bond of loving loyalty with "Hughesie" Schuenke.

For Christopher, as for others, the war experience is a catalyst. He returns to the course of action that causes most of his acquaintances to think him mad. As his old friend and counsellor Dr. Muncie had seen, he is truly the "Christ-bearer" that his name signifies.

The processes of this are Miss Echard's story. She tells it well—almost a little too well, for there are times when the sheer slickness of narrative distract us from the fact that there is a genuine, contemporary drama here, honestly faced for those who are willing to consider its premises at all. It is a compelling story, and it has that currently disputed factor — values sharply defined and boldly affirmed.

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The Need for Roots

THE PROPER GODS. By Virginia Sorensen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 309 pp. $3.

By Dale L. Morgan

IN HER fine novel "The Evening and the Morning" Virginia Sorensen wrote of the universal problem of the individual and his relation to the society in which he lives, the necessity of rebellion and its dangers and difficulties. Now in a book nearly as distinguished she writes about the other side of that problem, the need of the individual to feel himself profoundly rooted in the society of which he is a part, the values of and the reasons for the survival of a traditional way of life. In the one case Mrs. Sorensen was writing of the Mormons, in the present book of the Yaqui Indians of Sonora and our own Southwest; but, Mormons or Yaquis, Quakers or Cajuns, the problem is one that recurs for all men in all places and times.

Mrs. Sorensen develops her theme through the struggle of the Savala family to accept and be accepted by the Yaqui community of Potam, one of the seven sacred cities of Sonora. The grandfather, stern, crippled old Achai, had left Sonora during "the bad times" of the civil war between the Yaquis and Mexico, forced to seek refuge across the border in Arizona. There he and others like him had tried to bring up their children as true Yaquis, even while their hearts yearned after the home of their ancestors. It was the grandson Adan, a soldier in the Pacific during World War II, who with his money from the Government made it possible for the Savalas to return to Potam—Achai, his son Ignacio, who made up for the strength of Achai by himself possessing a little amiable weakness, Ignacio's quietly enduring wife, Ai, and their two daughters, Sala and Juana. Adan himself came to Potam pursuant to the *manda*, the promise in sickness he had made while in a Los Angeles hospital, that for a year he would serve the Hurasim, the Protectors of the Traditions.

"The Proper Gods," then, is the story of that year, the desperate effort of the Savalas to re-establish themselves upon the ancestral lands and in the ancestral community. It is the story of Adan's love for Micaela Matus, daughter of the village mayor, and of Juana's love for a Yori—the name of hate for the Mexicans. And the story, too, of Sixto, Adan's mercurial, rootless cousin, and the pull he exerts upon Adan. Potam was a place where people had belonged from the beginning, and the old ways, as Adan came to appreciate, were very ancient and precious. But there was the question of usefulness. And, indeed, though Adan himself in the circumstances of Achai's death can arrive at last at that deep emotional identification with the community which for him will make all things possible, Mrs. Sorenson has too honestly reported too many facets of an infinitely complex and troubled social situation not to make us feel that after all the best hope of the future may lie with Juana and Teo.

One begins to read "The Proper Gods" as a novel about the Indians—a literature, by the way, which, though small, is of surprising quality; but for all the fascination which attends Mrs. Sorenson's brilliant and sensitive reportage of an alien culture—this nation within nations, which is the Yaqui civilization—one soon loses any sense of her book's being about Indians as such. More effectively than any ethnologist she makes us understand the Yaquis and the grain of their life, but even more forcefully are we made to appreciate that we are all one in our prides, our prejudices and rigidities, our fears and hates, our griefs and loves and exaltations.

The book itself is beautifully written. Mrs. Sorenson's gift for exactly the right phrase, her superb awareness, and her discriminating intelligence give "The Proper Gods" qualities of genuine distinction. If it is not more than that, a book heartbreaking and deeply impassioned like the memorable novel Alan Paton wrote of South Africa, the reason might be that Adan Savala, useful as he is as a means of entrance into the Yaqui way of life, is too limited a person to permit us to identify him with all mankind. Written below the level of greatness, "The Proper Gods" nonetheless is a disturbing and rewarding book.

Dale L. Morgan is the author of "The Great Salt Lake" and other books about our West.

Men Groping

A TIME TO GO HOME. By William C. Fridley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 225 pp. $3.

By Edward J. Fitzgerald

THE PUBLISHERS of this latest in a long list of World War II novels were apparently self-consciously concerned by the lateness of their entrant and the somewhat quiet tone of William C. Fridley's offering. "A Time to Go Home," they assure us on the jacket blurb, is neither as long nor as obscene as its predecessors. It is rather, we are led to expect, a nice little story about the Rover Boys in the Battle of the Bulge. This nice-Nellyish approach does a real disservice to a thoughtful, solidly constructed tale of real men struggling with the external chaos of warfare and the internal contradictions of their own consciences.

The plotting is simple. A company of American infantrymen, most of whom had never experienced front-line fighting, are sped through England and across the Channel to the Belgian front. Their lieutenant is Stillman, ill-equipped by training or predilection for the awful and unexpected responsibilities of command he is almost immediately forced to assume. The front has disintegrated under surprise German attack, and the Battle of the Bulge is on. The organized certainties of positional warfare are replaced by the need to make alone the moment to moment decisions upon which the lives of the men in his company depend.

The second character upon whom our

(*Continued on page 30*)

—*Jacket design from "The Proper Gods."*

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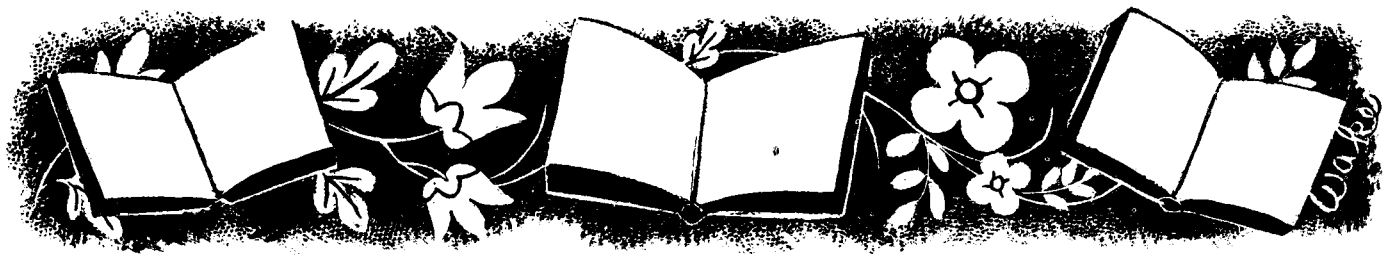

The Poet in Search of His Audience

A. M. SULLIVAN

IN ALL of the discussions of poetry by the various schools, coteries, or fronts the audience is given little attention. And the audience if we are to judge by the present sale of poetry is willing to be ignored. We live in the most poetic epoch in world history, but the stature of the poet as a public being is smaller than that of any of his ancient competitors—the political leader, the religious evangelist, the comedian of the theatre.

What can we do to restore the poet to his audience?

Perhaps if he becomes as a child again the poet may find the answer, because children speak poetry before they learn prose. They think in images and speak in the epithets of figurative language. They are natural poets until they learn idiom and acquire the patterns of daily speech—often employed to confuse meanings rather than convey them.

Some years ago when I conducted a radio program over the Mutual Network several teachers of grade schools sent me poems by children from six to ten years of age. Here are a few of them culled from my program notes.

A little boy was asked to write a composition as a homework assignment. "What shall I write about?" he asked the teacher.

"Anything, your house, your wagon, your dog—"

"I'll write about my dog," he interrupted.

The wind goes sweeping over my
little dog.
It makes him stand up like a mad
cat.

Another pupil, a little girl of seven or eight, offered this tender conceit:

I know where there
Are three blue eggs
Over the top of the fence
And when I go to the store
I tiptoe by.

Another lad of seven presented this sage metaphysical comment:

Calendar, calendar,
Tell me the day.
Seems so funny
You can tell me the day
When you are only papers
With numbers on you.

A little girl of eight once showed me her composition book, which had many interesting observations mixed in with obviously childish statements. This literary figure was among them:

Winter is a dark tunnel
Between Autumn and Spring.

Here is another in the Sandburg tradition, imagistic and dramatic, by a lad of six or seven:

Fog, fog,
Why do you sit down so I can't see?
Stand up, stand up!

A girl of five standing beside me on the deck of a Hudson River Day Liner looked upon the harbor sights for the first time and observed:

Boats have collars with round
windows.

Last winter when I was discussing the subject of children's poetry in Phoenix, Arizona, a teacher handed me this comment by a youngster of nine:

The earth goes round the sun,
The moon goes round the earth,
And my yo-yo goes around me.

A teacher in Connecticut in a community facing Long Island Sound made it a practice to take her youngsters for long walks and expose them to the poetic encounter. The following verse, titled "The Bridge," is descriptive, but it indicates a high degree of sensory perceptiveness:

I stand still, I am the bridge that
boats go under and cars go over.
I hear the bell buoy ring.
I hear all fog horns.
When I lift up my long grey arms
for boats higher than I, they
move slowly through.
I hear the sea gulls talking as they
fly over my head.
I see the lighthouse gleam far out
in the sea when its is dark.
At night I see the moon shine high.
I am glad that I am a bridge.

There are no rhyme and no metrical pattern in the poem, but it is the elemental poetry of observation. In the following selection the music is dominant and the conceit of the tug in peril is original. This is entitled "Go Little Tug, Go":

Hurry little tug or you might get
bumped,
Start little tug if you want to go.
Little tug, little tug, where are you
going
With your great big barge behind
you?
Little tug, little tug, go a little
faster.
Go little tug, go.

A girl on her vacation saw a canoe in the rapids and selected the verb which turns mere statement into a cameo:

The boat is going down in the
water.
It goes fast.
It stumbles.

These examples of valid poetic enterprise by children convey sensory impressions which can be enjoyed by the most sophisticated of poets and the most uninformed reader of literature. Yet several years ago a teacher showed me a collection of her student poetry. She was a dominant personality, and her energy, if not sensitivity, was reflected in the carefully rhymed, obvious, and dull quatrains. Her program was to force a knowledge of verse structure upon her hapless charges, and in the process of instruction she crushed or thwarted any normal poetic instinct that the children had. Poetry to her classes was as palatable as castor

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oil. I told the lady she was making a mistake—and I was smothered by her indignant response.

Children when they are permitted will discuss the poetry in nature without saying by rote, "Roses are red and violets are blue" or "Life is real, life is earnest." The mysteries of versification can be delayed to a maturer age—high school or even later. There is a period in the life of a child when every word he utters is poetry. He knows nothing else. It is his hour of discovery, and the mirrors of his mind are exposed for the first time to the wonders about him. The infant begins with onomatopoeia, with "choo-choo" for train, "moo" for cow, "bow-wow" for dog. An enthusiastic youngster of four describing a snake said, "It was all tail," and was not too far from Emily Dickinson's dynamic trope about the snake that "wrinkled and was gone."

Children are imagists. Abstractions cannot hold their attention unless by analogy or parable. They live with wild exaggeration, mixed fury, humor, and phantasy. Although modern science and invention have taken some of the edge from Mother Goose fiction, "The cow jumped over the moon" is still a better poetic incident than "flying saucers are spinning from Mars."

If children are unpredictable in action, they are precise in sensory observation—as Hilda Conkling, at nine:

> My cellar has apples on its breath,
> Potatoes even
> That smell of earth.

And what concept can be more original and tender than her vision of our globe:

> The world turns slowly
> So as not to spill
> Its lakes and rivers.

When Nathalia Crane began to write her "Janitor's Boy" poems it was hard to believe that a child so young could compose verses so startling in idea, affection, and understanding; yet it is harder to believe that any adult could have written those love songs. When children write poems or set down the results of a poetic encounter they are honest, if bizarre, reporters of sensory impressions. It isn't necessary to label the product formally as poems. It is tragic, however, when the adult attempts to cut himself down to a child's size with a child's mental gift of magic and make-believe. The result is usually obviously "poor versification of a synthetic emotion" and of no interest to the youngster whatever.

Robert Louis Stevenson, Lewis Carroll, Eugene Field, and Walter de la Mare interested children with their phantasy; but they primarily sought the child in the heart of man and appealed to the adult seeking to travel backward in time.

Children are patronized in the selection of poetry they are expected to read and enjoy. Children have a native wisdom, which is only lost when they are confused by the veneer of language and the artifice of their elders in using it. The child observes that the grown-up is often a turtle blinking from a hard shell of moral cowardice. When children are forced to learn poems by rote or to make the mechanical effort of rhyming the inner poetic impulse is stunned and their appreciation of poetry ruined by poor definitions.

It is infinitely better to ask a child to write down a poetic enterprise of his own than to memorize a synthetic or vicarious experience. If we follow him in his excitement we are certain to find fresh encounters with a new and beautiful world in the process of discovery. He can open the door for the mature poet searching for an audience that has been lost in a maze of shop talk and dialectics. I have no desire to oversimplify the relation of the poet and his listener, and I prefer to think of the audience as a listener rather than a reader. But neither is it necessary to accept overcomplicated meanings and definitions that confuse the willing listener and abuse his patience.

The debate among the critics of the carping, intellectual Left or the smug, traditional Right on clarity in poetry is a game to be played by poets and is of little concern to the listener with the sympathetic Geiger counter which chatters excitedly at the discovery of a fresh image or an original concept. The listener hearkening for a musical and magical juxtaposition of words is not interested in metaphysical jargon or literary marginalia. When the poet puts aside the garb of the pundit and the sibyl and becomes a child again to describe the iridescence of a soap bubble he may find his way back to a lost audience.

A. M. Sullivan is an ex-president of the Poetry Society of America. His books of poems include "Stars and Atoms Have No Size" and "Tim Murphy, Morgan Rifleman."

A Gloucester Litany

"What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" —St. Paul.

By S. L. M. Barlow

THESE have I
That were freely given:
The mystery
Of life, even
The rope of heaven;

A house that's free
Of debt, except to Thee;
A hospitality,
A Continent
Of friends content;

A small security
To forebears due (not me);
Clothes for my back with cloth to spare
For those who lack
Or travel bare;

A garden by the sea:
Proof that as hands harden
Miracles are wrought:
No man may garden
With a black thought.

So snug to lie
Is niggard and unventured:
Estate is but a clod
Of earth, indentured
Unto God.

No wall so high
That it denies
The neighbor—pride is sin.
Without and deep within
Samaria lies.

As you can see,
Some talent with the word—
And yet the Word
Was Thine in the
Beginning, Lord.

In Galilee
The nets were spread;
Still in the strands are we
Caught, comforted,
Clothed, fed;

Plain men like me
Saw glories multiply
Of loaf and fish—
And so may I
In my own dish.

This my thanks be
Before this day is quit:
For grace to tell
Thy story and the wit
To tell it well;

For gull and sail that fly
Beyond my beach, the mess
Of cod, the berries on the shelf.
(Man does not bless
Himself.)

And I bless Thee
For friends who still bless me;
For my bright spirit's food
And warranty:
Thy Body and Thy Blood.

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Borgese—Poet in a New Home

DAVID DAICHES

G. A. BORGESE, a selection from whose poems I am happy to have the opportunity of introducing, is an international literary figure who has united in his work and in his life many of the finest elements in the Western cultural tradition. In his native Italy he long since acquired a reputation as critic, poet, novelist, historian, and journalist, and his place in Italian literature is secure. His novel "Rubé" (1921) made European literary history; his "Poetica dell' Unità" (1934) was the only contemporary Italian work on esthetics which rivaled that of Croce and seriously shook Croce's philosophical position; his varied writings on historical and political themes have demonstrated a balanced and comprehensive view of Western history and culture, a civilized international wisdom, which stamped him as a citizen of the Western world.

For nearly twenty years Borgese has made America his home and English his language. His abandonment of his native land was the result of his hostility to Mussolini and his policies; he brought with him to America the noblest elements of the European spirit. Well-versed in English and German as well as Italian literature, he has consistently spoken for that Europe whose best traditions are part of America's heritage. And when he became an American citizen and an American writer he brought to the English tongue polyphonic echoes of the whole stream of European literature from the ancient Greeks to the modern experimentalists, handling the language with a civilized cunning, yet always subordinating echoes to central meaning, never allowing himself to be entrapped by mythologies of renunciation or nostalgia. His English prose combines eloquence with discipline; it is a cogent and original handling of the language without any trace of freakishness and with a continuous awareness of the potentialities and essential genius of English. His English poetry, in which, since poetic utterance is always more individual and idiosyncratic than prose, he can allow himself more freedom and more scope for his linguistic sense, is written in an idiom both original and classical, an idiom whose occasional neologisms grow from the potentialities of the language and the demands of the poetic situation.

It is difficult to classify Borgese among modern American poets. His art is at the same time more personal and more traditional, linked more surely with the European tradition yet always deriving from a fresh contemplation of the Ameircan scene. It is certainly an American poetry; but the elegiac overtones which enrich it derive from a wider perspective than any original poet can attain.

Borgese's most impressive poetic work is his "Montezuma," from which one extract is here presented. This long dramatic poem was first conceived as a libretto for music, but it developed in the writing into a self-contained poetic drama intended to accompany screen representation. Though the medium of the play is spoken poetry and its norm is a rich rhetorical utterance, effectively broken by lyrical interludes, the spoken poetry is put at the service of the moving image on the screen. Epic, lyrical, and dramatic traditions in half a dozen languages have helped to furnish the flexible and varied idiom of this work from its epic opening to its lyrical conclusion. Its theme —the impact of the Old World on the New—is particularly appropriate for a poet whose creative impulse derives from a synthesis of the old and the new, traditional wisdom and fierce original insights, the elegiac and the heroic. Here is the unifying imagination functioning through a complex sensibility and a rich poetic language.

America owes much to her great immigrants; but the greatest contribution, as well as the greatest compliment, is surely paid by the poet who, bringing his profound sense of Western culture with him across the Atlantic, embraces his adopted language with a zeal which only the poet can know and finds in it a magnificent medium for the expression of his response to his new home.

Discovery of Mexico City

SILVERY were the mountains, with plumes of gilded vapor
and blushing of cloudlets,
a tripod upholding and incensing the unblemishable sunrise sky.
But not feathers or silver wanted the Spaniards—gold
only, gold!

For silver, the pale, is like the moon,
and gold—is noon!

So we came to the divide where the earth astride jets
rivulets rushing opposite with twin devious cry,
some down the leaps seaward we knew, others to realm
untold.
One lovelier, frisking kiddish with cold foaming paw,
we called Rio Frio.

And lo! we stopped and drank the mixed wind, marveling
at what shone below—
white, green—liquid expanses lucent with lazuli—
yea, the land o'Paradise our mountaineers had seen
from the Popo,
for who discovers conquers, who sees has, who has will
have—the loser must come to nil.

And while we at slope-compassing pace strode to the
unknown
the touch down-bent of our spears made of stone and stream,
of trail and tree, Spain's fief, our own,
the brasses glittering, the gusts of wind in each fanion
clatt'ring of Cristobal Colon,
of Marco Polo's Million,
of those who saw, of those who seized—we also thought
of Montezuma,
lone in the airiest of Empire's aeries,
perhaps our doomer, perhaps self-doomer,
since his Caciques and Janizaries,
like astray running tributaries,

down came to us—in Cornucopia's meteor,
each a Gaspar or Balthazar or Melchior,
with gold and frankincense and myrrh,
and rightly so, for Lord Jesus
in heathen country was with us.

And as the inflow grew deeper, greater,
its clamor sank. Silent emerged to contemplate

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the ancient cypress Ahuehuete,
or scarcely lisped the uehote,
soft poplar-voice close to still water.

Yes, fife expiring! Yes, muffled drum through Coyoacan!
For glory is dust, but dust was glory. Thus stupor ultimate
parches the tongue of the narrator,
noon blinds him as at bridge-gate of Tenochtitlan
Hernán Cortéz meets Kublai Khan.

Jocasta

I HEAR the grass grow, blades worm-pale swish through
soft sod, breathe green, suck the dew drop at dawn,
at dusk, an ultra-alt no one else heard,
tune sylphid chorus on breeze-fluted lawn.

I hear the branches bud, an infra-bass
buzz as elytra stirred by wings they enclose
ere audibly the bumble bee with surd
drum browns the breath of the reluctant rose.

Earth, Mother, let this son-lover embrace
thy knees, thy all, his eager hearing glue
to the beat of thy breast: its captive springs,

the metal ribs, the stored forests—O Deep!
O Dark!—until thou me receive asleep
and make me grass and worm, those guiltless things.

Man Walking

GOOD that he is himself walking reliantly
on the road,
another self upside down no less reliantly
in the adjoining water.
This is the gift of the rains which the night
lavished changing
the park into a land o'lakes. There the trees
comb at silvery mirrors their hair making
it ready
for the garlands of spring, the bird fish,
the car that rolls above
capsizes unharmed below, twirls near the
surface its wheels
like the frog which a playful child turned
awhile on its back,
and everything that is for once is also twice,
hears almost confidently the call to "More
and More" and "Ever and Ever."

Where the Ocean Ends

To Brigitte Fischer

PERHAPS beyond long islands, Thules, whereon sun-
shine itself is lunar
and sirens silence, are, Ocean, storms, thy white
wraths, and the revenant shrieks
of gulls swooped on shipwrecking shores. Here ten-
der sky
likes self in burnished mirror of waiting waters,
cock sings to charmed hours.
For what was the
mighty main, Atlantic roar,
first slid, wide azure blade, into that pine-
green scabbard
of pensile groves, an inland sea, a Sound, then
ringed its captive magnitudes,
oh infinite in nucibus, incarnate spirit of
exorbitant surge in casing shapes:
gulfs, bays, harbors, a cove, a creek, a brook
between mute banks, a pond, this font, this
trickle.

Below this house where my descending life-arc
pauses
and stone steps with red-berried balustrades scan
children's leap and laugh
quicksilvering down to pebble and sandpile play,
beneath plumed poplars, gowned willows, nay, under
the cherries and apples
nests Ocean—salty gardener of orchards, rustica-
cator thou!
The tide recedes, secedes, bares tenuous reeds, soft
silt,
returns, once, twice, fills rifts and pores, reaches
with fingered fondling for earth's covert mold,
grass hair—recounts in rippled murmur to the
tuning turf
messages the gales told fabulous from surf
to surf.

The trees that gave myrrh at spring as the
thrush rose, muezzin of mirth,
to new minarets of green,
now, strewing the lawn with dead leaves, alive
more than any living thing,
dew-moist or dry burnt in cremation bonfires—an
odor that makes the heavens pale—
spend autumn's frank incense, Magi! this recess ul-
timate
to them a crib, a cradle, as if he were born here
where the Ocean ends,
suspirious at an oarless canoe.
For even Oceans end.

Morning in California

LOOK how waking in the pallor of the dawn
they tremble,
the trees in a row, eucalpti overgrown,
the limber pines, that one whose name is
writ in air,
with branches bare, holding aloft on each
a feather fan.

At first it is an easy swing, right left,
left right,
an unisilence, preludial rhythm to the convo-
cation of the aurore;
then, as the wind rises from the sea, rises
the sun from the ranges,
commotion grips them, a shudder runs
from leaf to leaf,
shakes needles and fibers, confuses, un-
musical, the heads;
yearning tosses each one toward and away
from the neighbor,
turns branches and stems against their selves,
unutterable scream,
calling for companionship, help,
insurgence aching in, ohi ohi, illacerable bondage.
Oh could they rip their roots from the soil, se-
pulchral embrace,
live, soar, spread them, a genital hair,
to the will of the wind;

kites, comets, crash
in deeper blue, saline laughter of wreckages,
mix, children of gardens,
with the flotsam of seaweeds
where the mermaids sank.

But the lowly olive behind the tumult of
the giants is steady,
its berries, which patience nurtured, brown
with reposed eyesight,
the silvery frond sifting for them the light
through Palladian eyelids.

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The Real Words Survive

THE SPIRIT OF THE SCENE. By William Rose Benét. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 101 *pp.* $3.

By DAVID MCCORD

THE WORD was in the beginning and the end of the life of William Rose Benét. The word itself was cellular and self-divisible, like the words of St. Paul. It was a spate of words that created most of his poems; they fell off in cascades and torrents and cloudbursts, and the reader often moves about in them as in plumed and rainbow mist; or sometimes—notably in parts and episodes of "The Dust Which Is God"—in the miasmic vapor which decipherers less gifted than he would mistake for a smoke screen shielding the frightened retreat of small ideas. But the spate was always genuine; the ideas were often heroic. His were never the impounded words of the small poet sluicing the dictionary from the writer's desk into the reader's lap. Benét was enormously well read, and his mind was richly allusive. I sometimes think that only the work of a well-read writer can stand the double scrutiny of being read aloud. The best of Mr. Benét's poetry and verse can be, and ought to be, read aloud. It is the Kipling quality of great verse, which clearly demands as much:

The awful shadow eyeless
May reap the furrow red,
But clear and kind and guileless
The word of love be said.
Crazed captains without course or chart
May curse a frenzied crew—
A door stands open in the heart
And all good things are true.

But it is also the truer poetry of flexibility and change and fabric and rich brocade; the American balladry; the marriage of Bowling Green and Xanadu; and the cult of the Caliph and the Zodiac. His writing raises overtones as in the striking of some vast and high-pitched oriental gong:

Meeting and parting in waves of fluid line,
In language of all life's rhythms, the language of your dreaming.
Golden willow in the wind. And this is mine.

At its best one is obliged to read his verse inwardly aloud. There is no slalom course down the middle of the page. We consort with strange people in strange places.

The Petulengros, Lovells fabulous,
Coopers and Hernes, Stanleys and Scottish Faas;
Anselo, Ursula, Tawno, Pyramus,
By dingle fires, on beds beneath the stars.

If at one point he has overshot the stars, at another read too long from his own Bible in Spain or pushed to the Triassic some old headwall of the West or drunk too deep from the literary waters surrounding Baghdad, Sekhmet, and Khephren or played too long on the penny pipe of noble forebears—you may find him saying again with unfeigned conviction:

I descry deific vult,
Credulous in the final throe
Still profoundly to exult
At the radiance I know
Streaming through each stone and clod
With the vehemence of God.

The water analogy in itself suggests that Mr. Benét wrote too much. He undoubtedly wrote a great deal too much, for he was a journalist and an editor as well as a poet and writer of verse. In "The Spirit of the Scene," however, there is not much which fails to contribute to the rounded statement of ability. He is not a modern poet, if that outworn word means anything, but in his own Manhattan "of the wild tzigane" he does pretty well:

. . . and rumor runs
Of extensive matters, horripilating our hair—who are on the air.

And he does it in his own fantastic manner, for it is he himself who talks

till Carchemish talks from Time's beginning
to cities of the West.

As an editor and critic Mr. Benét did a great deal to encourage poets of any tradition and of no tradition. He usually asked simply (or so it seems to me): "Is it poetry?" He was generous—perhaps to a fault—but basically he knew that appraising is not synonymous with praising. He was tolerant in some decades when tolerance in the critical arena had all but disappeared. He was hospitable to young moderns; and one of them, at least, has publicly stood up and given him his due. He wrote much that was, or was intended to be, light verse; but his style was too flamboyant and his wit a little too diffuse to make his light verse entirely successful. But over many years his signature to THE PHOENIX NEST gave more than his blessing to some of the really good light verse written by others in America.

—*Starr Nelson.*

William Rose Benét—"himself the spirit."

Like his brother Stephen, he was greatly concerned with the history, development, and ethics of his country. He was in this sense himself the spirit of the scene. His larger humanity could come to grips with a local enemy as surely as it could deal with issues known to Dante and to Milton. He came of a fighting family, and many of his poems touch a battlefield of one sort or another. Here he is at his best, and though he often seems to falter at the edge of simplicity he now and again achieves it magnificently. There are not many American lyrics much better than "Night Study," which opens this last book.

I closed my door upon the dark
That shut my book of love and war.
Could such tall cold bright triumph mark
The dark tide shuddering on the shore?

Many of his readers and friends will be glad that the word spirit—one of those cellular, self-divisible words—is in the title of this book. One of the several words which spirit divides into is courage. "The trouble in Ireland," says Sir Shane Leslie, "is that people are afraid of meeting for fear of becoming friends." I doubt if Bill Benét knew even that simple and natural fear. Take the closing "Summa":

When I have ceased to exist—
Just at the end
May it return, the wonder; may it be
On the instant, the old exuberance and praise
Such as dawn brings when light springs
Exulting like a radiant naked child
Out of the east of the sea.
O may there rise in me
Like a flood in tumult, suddenly,
All joy of love, all fire of pain,
All life's resurrections, again and yet again,
All the glory, all the agony of Man's days!

David McCord, executive secretary of the Harvard Fund Council, is the author of several volumes of poetry.

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A Lyrist Weighs

THE DELICATE BALANCE. By Sara Henderson Hay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 52 *pp.* $2.50.

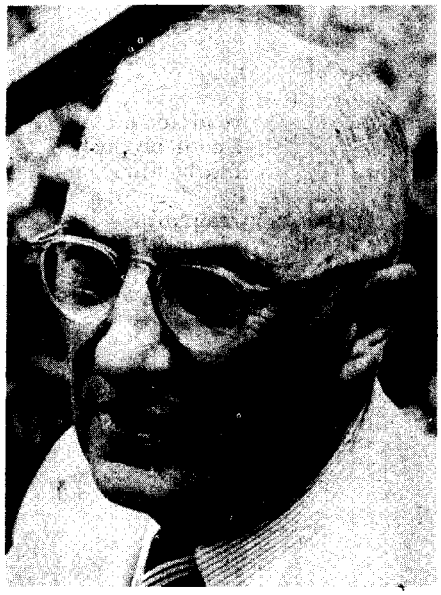
By I. L. Salomon

WHAT GIVES "The Delicate Balance" viability as a work of art is Sara Henderson Hay's approach to her craft. A traditionalist by temperament, she accepts the conventions of writing and exploits her themes in a metric at once simple and intelligible. Her best lyrics are invested with a unique individuality and have the shape of their being in their organic origin. These deal with nature in the small, yet the poet's reflections, candor, and integrity are such that the poems have a newness about them, owing to her feminine insights and warm feeling. No sentimentalist, she has mastered the turning of a phrase so that a subtle irony or a paradox placed in proper juxtaposition gives to a poem its compulsion and being.

Miss Hay also uses Biblical texts to write quite effective religious poems, and in these the spirit of poetry is admirably sustained. The familiar story of Noah and the five sonnets entitled "Eden" have a firmness in the writing and a poetic intensity exercised with extraordinary restraint. The spirit here is beyond any precise religious dogma. Her strength lies in her appropriating a reference and then involving it in her own design. She brings to these poems the illumination of wonder.

Between the opening lyrics and the poems on religious themes there are several light-verse poems that show Miss Hay a spry, if mannered, wit. But at least once Miss Hay, who is no Dorothy Parker, reveals a debt that should never have been paid in print. Occasionally there is an echo that recalls one or another poet, and sometimes there is an inept phrase, but where Miss Hay is completely herself her poems make pleasurable reading.

Since her first book, "Field of Honor," won the Kaleidograph Award Miss Hay's growth as a poet has been considerable. To compare, for instance, "On Suicide" in the latest volume with a similarly titled lyric in the first book is to be instantly aware of the poet's development. In "The Delicate Balance" there is a compassion that lies under the surface of her irony and a precision in poem-making that is subtly contrived. Not an experimentalist, Miss Hay can write a poem as modern as "Message of Condolence" or fashion a slant-rhyme lyric as persuasive as "The Examples." She can achieve a [illegible] lyric with such expertness that astounding silences in the pauses are revealed. In "The Deeper Wisdom" she speaks of "the humble flesh and blood, /Which dies, and knows that it must die. . . . And finds in simple earth and stone / A permanence to make its own." This is the mark of the true lyrist, and Miss Hay at her best is that.



—*Eliott Erwitt.*

William Carlos Williams—"vitality."

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

W. H. Auden—"donnishly-witty diction."

Delmore Schwartz—"subtlety."

Three Brilliants

PATERSON (BOOK FOUR). By William Carlos Williams. New York: New Directions. Unpaged. $3.

NONES. By W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. 81 *pp.* $2.50.

VAUDEVILLE FOR A PRINCESS AND OTHER POEMS. By Delmore Schwartz. New York: New Directions. 106 *pp.* $2.75.

By Dudley Fitts

THE Fourth Book of "Paterson" brings Dr. Williams's ambitiously planned epic to a more or less triumphant conclusion. More or less: for, in spite of the brilliance of individual passages and the passionate human warmth which irradiates the work as a whole, the materials are so mixed and so undigested and the tensions and motives are so variously at war with one another that the total impression is one of colorful noise-shapes in a dream. Nevertheless, there are many positive qualities. Of the major poets of our time only Marianne Moore rivals Williams in clarity of perception and accuracy of tone; though his material is confused, each of the widely disparate ingredients has its own startling vitality bursting from the page. And there is a young eagerness here, an engagingly audacious sexuality, which gives the lie to the poet's personal calendar. Finally, for all the basic incoherence, there does emerge a philosophic and artistic credo which is sane and forceful. In a sense "Paterson" is an "Ars Poetica" for contemporary America. It is a pity that those who might benefit most from it will inevitably be put off by its obscurities and difficulties.

Nearly five years have passed since Auden's last book of poems, and it is pleasant, though scarcely exhilarating, to discover in "Nones" that he is still at work in the old shop with the tested, reliable goods. It may well be that a man cannot step into the same river twice, as Heraclitus said; but Heraclitus never thought of the possibility of stopping the river—or making it seem to stop, which is a trick that Auden manages with dexterity.

He refuses to grow. So far as technique is concerned he is writing today just about as he wrote twenty years ago: the versification is as brilliant and varied as ever, the diction the same donnishly witty, flashing, attractively unkempt diction, as idiosyncratically his as Eliot's is idiosyncratically Eliot's. He is gentler, perhaps, than he used to be; and his preoccupation with religion is more explicit and more overt in these latest poems. Yet in spite of his great power and the enormous influence—again comparable to Eliot's—which he has wielded, one somehow feels less and less certain that he will endure. He is hugely entertaining but

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Everyman's Dilemma

THE DEATH last week of James Norman Hall ended too early a career of interest not only for its achievement but as well for its solution of the universal problem of our time—the adjustment of the ordinarily pacifically intentioned individual to a storm-riven and potentially hostile world. An ace of the First World War whose exploits with the Lafayette Escadrille and earlier with the British Flying Force were of almost legendary character, Mr. Hall, a man of the most winning charm and modesty, once the conflict was over, forsook not only flying but the Iowa of his youth and with his friend and fellow ace Charles Nordhoff settled in Tahiti, there to remain for the rest of his life and either alone, or in collaboration with his colleague, to produce a notable series of books. More fortunate than the generality of men in that he had a profession which could be exercised where he would—in the seclusion of a South Sea island as well as in the Midwest or in Boston or New York—Mr. Hall was of that privileged few who having paid full measure of duty to country and ideals in action could fulfil his personal life under conditions most propitious to his work and his temperament. And he lived in a world which for the time being seemed to have secured surcease from war.

But it is not thus with most men. Circumstance and opportunity bind them to carry on their existence in the maelstrom of cross-purposes and the confusion of policies which beset the present, and it is their common experience to be faced with the necessity of working out a reconciliation between the normal desire for a happy life and the inexorable thrusts and demands of a world bristling with social and political problems and geared for attack. There is no escape for the humblest man or woman from the exigencies of the time; they condition the daily round of living and thinking, and success and happiness depend upon the balance which can be attained between individual desire and public obligation. Never was more demanded of the courage, the resourcefulness, and the resolution of the individual than in the dubious present.

To those born to war and the precarious equilibrium of the postwar era the ante-bellum world which stretched before 1914 wears an almost millennial aspect. It was a world which projected itself in terms of security, never doubting that what the present began the future could accomplish. It was not without strife, to be sure, in the imbalances of the economic order, in the struggle for wealth, and in the rapidly rising power of the laboring classes, but these were matters within the boundaries of the nation, within its control, and seldom complicated by the possibility of external pressure. The average person—the youth just starting out on his career, the small businessman, the farmer, the teacher—though he might not have known absence of personal anxiety, nevertheless enjoyed a freedom from public fear which enabled him to look forward to reaping the fruits of his labor and to planning at long range for his future. For all its cankers and imperfections, and they were many and manifest, his society seemed headed for long-lasting peace and prosperity.

War and depression and war again on an unparalleled scale and peace that is peace only in name have changed all that. Today over everything that is done hangs the menace of interruption, the awful possibility of a catastrophe that will bring to naught what the painful progress of humankind has achieved. To ignore that threat is to invite disaster; to accept its fulfilment as inevitable is to court calamity. There is nowhere security today, and the only safety lies in recognition of that fact. Yet to act on that assumption is to undermine the stability of the nation, the dynamism of the people. There lies the dilemma of the present—the ambivalence of our situation.

It is everyman's problem, and it is on everyman's willingness to face facts and to front forward that the shape of the future rests. Not indifference or despair or withdrawal from the burden of material and moral obligations that surround him will conquer the fearful dangers that threaten mankind. It will help no man to denounce his government for policies with which he differs and do nothing more about it. It is his intelligence, his will registered through his vote, his disapproval of irresponsible politicians and hysterical utterances which in the long run control government. No foolhardy confidence can secure safety, nor any fatalistic acquiescence insure security. There is no escape for the individual today. Either he assumes his obligations or he dies. There are, alas, no South Sea islands for any of us in the world of 1951.

—A. L.

Memorial Award

THE Poetry Society of America announces the William Rose Benét Memorial Award to be given jointly by it and *The Saturday Review of Literature* sometime in December of this year. The details of the award will be published in October.

Under the Zodiac

By David McCord

IN the small years there came a man
Concerned to sell me on the clouds:
He led no gypsy caravan,
Yet talked as one unknown to crowds.

I met him where the dark wood by
The open field had drawn the line
That made my preference the sky
As his would seem to be the pine.

There in the sober shade he sat
And looked at me across the sun,
Its flickering upon his hat,
Its fire in me, need I to run.

And long he looked, beyond and through
And out and up to where the mass
Of cloudy shapes against the blue
Controlled the shadows on the grass.

"My little man, as you grow up,
As you grow old, as you grow wise,
As you shall break the sterile cup,
As you may win to other skies,

"Asking, unanswered; telling, told;
Friendly, befriended; anxious, crossed;
Never forget that you behold
In the great sky the kingdom lost.

"Nothing you make but shall be made
More beautiful than love is fond
By wind and weather in the glade
That runs forever and beyond."

The sun shone down upon his face.
The dayborne clouds sailed to the rim
Beyond the hills of every place.
And many times I've thought of him.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Home-made Yardstick

SIR: I want to congratulate N. C. on his thoughtful editorial "Cheaper Than Water" [*SRL* June 23]. It is a sad tale that the people of the West measure Eastern values and culture with their home-made yardstick, which is a total misfit. The result leads to a quagmire of dubious hypothesis. Orientals do believe that living in the twentieth century has put an obligation upon them to modify their ways of life, for which they are certainly trying. But this does not amount to nonsensical aping of Western habits.

RANBIR VARMA.

New York, N. Y.

Kingdon's Choice

SIR: May I, out of a humble reader's hammock, make two comments on the critics' selections for summer reading?

Paul Flowers, of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, was the only critic to recommend Cecil Woodham-Smith's biography of Florence Nightingale. I should like to be counted with him. I am convinced that this book will take its place among the classics of biography. It tells the story of an amazing woman. It tells it well. In the process it reveals the color and drama of the Victorian epoch in England. Florence Nightingale shook the country houses out of their shrouds, the government offices out of their dispatch boxes, and even Victoria out of her primness. The Lady with the Lamp was also the angel announcing to the nineteenth century that the twentieth was coming. Mrs. Woodham-Smith has told this story with a skill that will make any discriminating reader in his summer hammock hate to take time out to sip his lemonade. In addition, she has completely corrected the myth of Florence Nightingale so magically fabulated by Lytton Strachey out of the web of his imagination.

Clyde Beck, of the *Detroit News*, and Lee Grove, of the *Washington Post*, were the only two cities to include "The Collected Poems of William Butler Yeats." If there are any poetry readers left among the devotees of your valuable sheet may I tell them that any hours they spend with this volume will result in their beginning their Thanksgiving prayers with the salutation: "We thank Thee, O God, who hast allowed us to live in a time when we can read Yeats."

The immortal in the contemporary is good company in any hammock.

FRANK KINGDON.

New York, N. Y.

Misi-pakwa-se-win

SIR: Here is a person who has lost much sleep over the name Wisconsin even though he is not from Milwaukee.

Chrysostom Verwyst, in The Wisconsin Historical Collections, wrote: "A. Gaudin says it means muskrat house. But this is doubtful. I have not found two Indians to agree on the meaning of this word." The search for the meaning of Wisconsin has been going on for decades, and several interpretations have succeeded in getting into print. Besides "muskrat house" and "place of the beaver" one finds "gathering of the waters," "wild, rushing channel," "good place in which to live," "river of a thousand isles," "red rock," "large rock," "holes in the banks of a stream in which birds nest." It is impossible to rest peacefully with any one of these.

From research on Wisconsin place names of Algonquian origin and from a study of the numerous spelling variants like Marquette's "Miskous," Coronelli's "Misconsin," Morden's "Miscousin," Grignon's "Ousiconsin," and Marsh's "Wis-kose" the idea has emerged that "Wisconsin" is a corruption of the Algonquian compound noun "misi-pakwa-se-win," made up of the adjective 'misi" ("large") and the noun "pakwasewin" ("threshing (place)").

EDWARD TAUBE.

Racine, Wisc.

The Way of Nature?

SIR: All round the world there are young men with dreams. Everywhere young men nurse and harbor aspirations. This is the way of nature. Nature does something to the blood of young men. It fills the bloodstream with an undulatory vibrancy which drives these young men to crave for achievement and deeds that will make them worthy of birth into the human lifestream. And then these young men get caught up in a strange phenomenon and are clamped within a stranglehold and are bundled up in a uniform suit of clothes and are told to squads right and flank left and to double march. And these young men begin to wonder at the contradictions between nature's drive to dream and this strange power's drive to march and march.

At once they begin to resolve this cleft in their sense and vision. They begin to swear and they begin to whore and they begin to bully themselves into patience. No amount of indoctrination and no amount of emotionalization and no amount of education in why we fight and in the reasons for war and in the abominations of our enemy and in the rightness of our cause and in the struggle for survival and in the dangers to our values and in the challenge to our culture and civilization can eradicate that deep, deep sense that there is a terrible sinfulness and ultimate contradictoriness in the existence of war—by which innocent young men all over the world must settle the conflicts of men through their blood and lives and the extinction of their dreams.

Nature makes for dreams. Does nature make for war? Is this a trick that nature plays for some demon's fun and laughter? What horrible law of nature is this—that a young man is made to dream of the fulfillment of life only to find that life means negation and annihilation? What horrible thesis-antithesis is this? How can we old ones explain this to the young?

We can't. So what is the next best thing? Is it to say that out of the fire you young men will emerge with souls of more powerful strength? Or is it that the dreams live on?

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"In America, I hear, they put you in *gold* chains."

Query

SIR: Might it not be that four-letter words accurately reflect a four-letter world?

HARVEY O'CONNOR.

Little Compton, R. I.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

THE WAR IS TOO MUCH WITH US

—From "Bright Victory."

"The Negro theme is handled without sermonizing."

ALTHOUGH the Signal Corps, the Navy, and the Air Corps photographic units have thoroughly documented virtually every conceivable aspect of World War II, Hollywood continues to go over the same ground for our edification, giving its own special version of how it happened and what it all looked like. The appeal of these films is a strange one, something like the horrid pleasure of sucking on an aching tooth. Time after time we are treated again to the terrors, the cruelty, the dirtiness of modern warfare. And though there's generally a tempering by tales of physical —or even moral—courage, nothing has pointed with any great hope toward the future. On the contrary, many have had as their message the happy thought that we must be ready to go through it all again. But it is obviously pleasanter to watch combat from a comfortable chair than from a foxhole, and Hollywood, we must admit, has been giving us all these rigors of modern warfare with superb realism and none of the inconveniences.

Such a film is "The Frogmen" (Twentieth Century-Fox), which recounts with considerable relish the hitherto unheralded activities of the underwater demolition teams during the last war. To these specially trained young men fell the unenviable task of first locating, then blowing up underwater obstacles and mines just prior to beachhead landings. Their title, and the film's, comes from the peculiar, finlike appendages they wore on their feet to facilitate underwater swimming. The crew in this picture happens to be operating in the Pacific, but the same techniques were used, and indeed originated, in the European theatre.

But though the type of operation shown in "The Frogmen" is new to the screen the story that accompanies it certainly is not. Once again a commander of a crew, ably played by Richard Widmark, is unpopular with his men, a disciplinarian, not a mixer, possibly even a little "chicken." When half of his crew is blasted out of the water by a direct hit Widmark flatly refuses to go back after survivors. The mission comes first. From then on there develops a private war between the enlisted men, headed by Dana Andrews, and their officer. But as time goes by the men learn to appreciate their commander's basic courage and good sense, and the commander learns how to be a pal. And everybody ends up loving everybody else—except the Japs.

The story isn't the main thing with "The Frogmen," though. It's simply an excuse to send the camera below the waterline for some of the most remarkable and occasionally the most beautiful shots in a long time. You readily forget the ordinariness of the story in the extraordinary grace of young men swimming through the watery half-light as if in slow motion, placing their charges of TNT, stringing the long connecting fuses, delicately cutting their way through a Japanese anti-submarine net. It's fascinating, exciting stuff, and the sound-man has ingeniously matched the novelty of these visuals with the muted, half-heard roar of cannon and the spatter of small-arms fire as heard by the men below the surface. Lloyd Bacon keeps the action moving crisply, while the entire cast gives the impression of complete naturalness whether discussing the war on shipboard or fighting it in the water.

A war picture of a different sort is "Bright Victory" (Universal-International). Its hero, Larry Nevins (Arthur Kennedy), is in combat for perhaps three minutes, screen time, before an enemy sniper lays him low. The remainder of the picture is concerned with the efforts of the Army hospitals and of Larry himself to make him over into a useful citizen once more. For Larry's is an especially difficult case. He has been blinded. Based on Baynard Kendrick's novel "Lights Out," the story goes into a documentary-like account of his treatment at the Valley Forge General Hospital, where many of the sequences were filmed. First they must overcome Larry's natural despair, then teach him to "see" with his other senses. The entire process is an absorbing one, a tribute both to the skill of modern science and to the infinite patience and understanding of the Army's therapists.

But the film develops far beyond this, probing into the new personal relationships of the man as his cure progresses. He had been engaged to a girl back home before he went into the Army. How does he feel about her now, and she about him? And his parents? Larry is given a furlough from the hospital but soon discovers that the mingled pity and babying he receives at home are more than he can bear. Fortunately, he has developed a friendship with a girl at the hospital and through her meets a prominent lawyer, himself blind, who learned and practises his profession despite his affliction. He gives Larry his new direction. And finally Larry, a Southerner, suddenly finds that his best friend during his months of recuperation is a Negro. How does he adjust to this?

All of these elements have been worked intelligently into Robert Buckner's excellent screenplay and directed sympathetically, with a warm sense for human values, by Mark Robson. The hospital scenes, while explicit in detailing the treatment, also underline nicely the friendship and group feeling among the patients. Larry's unfortunate romance with his home-town sweetheart is presented humanly, without recriminations. His relation with his understanding father is a rare one in movies. The Negro theme is handled without sermonizing, growing logically out of the story's premises. James Edwards, seen in "Home of the Brave," gives the role dignity and dimension. Arthur Kennedy is superb as the embittered but courageous Larry, and a charming newcomer, Peggy Dow, radi-

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"A lusty comedy"—ATKINSON, Times

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with MAUREEN STAPLETON ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK W. 45 St. Air-Cond.
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ant as Larry's helpful friend. "Bright Victory" is a quiet triumph of good taste and good film-making.

* * *

Undoubtedly the ads on "Happy Go Lovely" (RKO) will make much of the fact that its background is Edinburgh's famous annual festival of music, art, and drama. Which is true enough, but, aside from a few swift opening glimpses of that handsome old city, the story could have been told anywhere. Has been, in fact. It's that creaky one about the impoverished producer who wants to put on a show. He has everything—the cast, the music, the theatre. All he needs is the cash. One of his chorines is erroneously reported to be the girl friend of the town's wealthiest bachelor, a stuffy Greeting-Cards King. By a number of coincidences that happen only in Technicolored musicals of this sort she becomes just that but doesn't know it. And the creditors are all ready to carry out the scenery before she discovers the truth. So she becomes a great star and he becomes an unstuffy Greeting-Cards King.

Carrying this whirl on their shoulders are Vera-Ellen, dancing very prettily, David Niven, and Cesar Romero. And between them and an unusually bright musical score by Mischa Spoliansky they just about do manage to bring it off, despite Bruce Humberstone's cumbersome direction. But so far as Edinburgh is concerned, the whole company might just as well have stayed home. And so might you.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

Bright Victory and *The Frogmen*: Reviewed in this issue.

Strictly Dishonorable: Ezio Pinza has ingratiating fun in an April-November romance based on the late-Twenties comedy hit of the same name.

Ace in the Hole: A boozed-up reporter seeking big-time comeback makes carnival of Albuquerque tragedy similar to Floyd Collins case. (*SRL* July 7.)

Native Son: Richard Wright playing Bigger Thomas in his story about a Negro chauffeur who accidentally kills a white girl. (*SRL* July 7.)

Captain Horatio Hornblower: All of the gusto, sweep, and color of the C. S. Forester series preserved in Technicolor. (*SRL* July 7.)

Excuse My Dust: A musical joshing the era when few people took the gasoline buggy seriously. (*SRL* June 30.)

He Ran All the Way: A study of the mental disintegration of an antisocial character when surrounded by normal human beings. (*SRL* June 23.)

Go for Broke: How the Nisei 442nd Regimental Combat Team earned its honors. (*SRL* May 26.)

The Emperor's Nightingale: Czech production of the Hans Christian Andersen tale, enacted by stringless puppets. (*SRL* May 12.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

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Book and Lyrics by
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Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF • STEPHANIE AUGUSTINE
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Evgs. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

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MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
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OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
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in
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with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
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Music to My Ears

SOUTH OF THE BORDER, DOWN PARIS WAY

PARIS.

GIVEN even a medium-sized crystal ball, one can see in it at a distance of about eighteen months a bright new spectacle entertaining American theatregoers, from South America by way of Paris. Currently installed in the Théâtre Marigny, where it came for four weeks and has remained for four months, it hides its equatorial light under the inclusive bushel of the title "Ballets de L'Amérique Latine." This would be like calling such a delightfully specialized show as "Shuffle Along" by some such title as "Le Reconnaissance de Reconstruction," but the French always have words where titles are concerned.

In its present form "BdL'AL" ambles as often as it frolics, but at its intermittent best it is very good indeed. Among the countries represented by folk dances and songs are Peru, Paraguay, Argentina, Ecuador, and such areas of Mexico as Tabasco and Oaxaca. Generically the numbers follow a pattern—an introductory chanson delivered by one or another of the twenty-odd performers (they all sing as well as dance), followed by solo dances or duets, eventually terminating in an ensemble. The sixth or seventh time around the pattern tends to become monotonous, but that is a technical detail that could easily be amended.

What doesn't need to be amended and would suffer disastrously if tampered with is the costuming, whose beauty, color, and variety ranges from the flashy gaucho habits of Argentina's pampas to the rough but artful dress affected in the Peruvian uplands. This is not only spectacular in itself but blends into a pictorial ensemble that speaks powerfully for the taste and discrimination of Joaquin Perez Fernandez, "directeur, créateur, chorégraphe" of the enterprise.

As well as being all of these things Perez Fernandez (as he is known to distinguish him from several other members of the family who take part) is a first-class dancer, not only in the folk dances which make up most of the program but in the solo "Adoration de la Divine Crèche." Subtitled a "Villanelle Anonyme du Moyen-age," it is a subtle character study of the sort that has passed from the stage since Agnes de Mille and Agna Enters turned away from the so-called "concert-dance" field. Carmen Perez Fernandez is an excellent partner for him in several episodes, and his cousin Nestor Perez Fernandez acquaints us with the rare spectacle of a comedian who is a dancer, a dancer who is a comedian. Two pianists make conventional music in the pit, but there is even more to hear in the odd intervals of the folk songs chanted by the ensemble, in the slashing guitar playing, and the heel stamps that rocked the Marigny. There is also some close-harmony quartet work which seems to be straight from the beach at Waikiki. Perhaps that can be quietly forgotten.

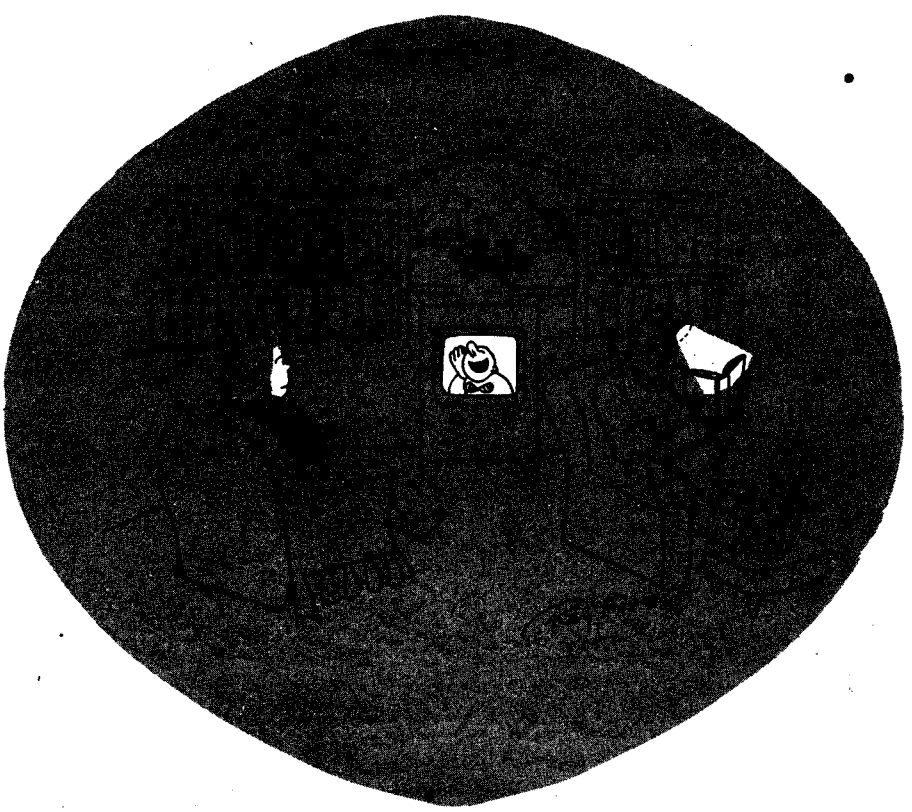
* * *

Thanks to the enterprise of BBC's "Third Program" I am able to report on much of the second radio performance of "Die Meistersinger" under Sir Thomas Beecham's direction at Covent Garden as well as the actual first. That the second coincided with the evening spent at the Marigny didn't matter very much, for the opera began at six, the ballet at nine. Thus, both the first and second acts were in hand when the dancers beckoned. And with an eleven-o'clock curtain for the Latin Americans, Sir Thomas and company were still hard at work for another three-quarters of an hour.

The two performances were alike in the qualities that specially distinguished the whole enterprise—the coursing, fluid, remarkably flexible conducting of Beecham. One had always known that "Meistersinger" should be played this way, but memory does not recall an occasion when it was at the Metropolitan. Considering the extremely limited rehearsal time, Beecham worked a mesmerizing miracle in warming the not too volatile Covent Garden orchestra into a mass molten enough to take the impression of his personality. The cheers and shouts that greeted his appearance showed without question the attitude of the London audience to his reappearance in Covent Garden after a dozen years on the sidelines.

The team that was fielded for Beecham was altogether willing but only sparsely supplied with talent to match Wagner's requirement or, on his behalf, Beecham's. Murray Dickie, a fine David, and Ludwig Weber, a splendid Pogner, gave in their moments of prominence an excellent idea of what could be accomplished by qualified singers and conductor acting together. Peter Anders was better than one acquainted with his work as operetta tenor could have expected, though the climax scene with the "Prize Song" was beyond him; and Benno Kusche made himself so well regarded for his art that one almost forgot Beckmesser was meant to be a figure of ridicule. However, Elisabeth Grummer still has a way to go to make Eva her part, and Karl Kamman was no "Meistersinger," as outsung by David, Pogner, and Beckmesser. At the second occasion Hans Hotter was able to sing Sachs, as had been previously promised; but his gruff, unsympathetic sounds, for all the dramatic power with which they were delivered, belied the major premise of the part—the mellowness, humanity, and understanding which are Sachs's. One felt, finally, from Hotter's fading voice in Act III, that the text was "Wan, wan" rather than *"Wahn, Wahn."*

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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TV and Radio

SUMMER REPLACEMENTS — SOME'RE NOT

THEY say that even President Truman and General Eisenhower had offered suggestions as to who should play the important roles in the TV version of "Amos 'n' Andy." I don't know whether Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll took their advice on television, but it is fervently hoped that our President and the General are doing better in other underdeveloped areas.

In the original radio series first presented some twenty-odd years ago five evenings a week Mr. Gosden and Mr. Correll played all the characters—the lovable Amos, the bungling Andy, the scheming Kingfish, the Stepinfetchit Lightnin', and all the others. Since they had no studio audience they were able to play their story lines comfortably and lazily, letting the chuckles fall where they may.

After some years the advertising agencies decided that chuckles were out of style. "Let a belly laugh be your umbrella," was the new song, and Gosden and Correll were pressured into doing a half-hour show with a studio audience. Now was the time for big laughs, and Gosden and Correll soon discovered that Amos could get no laughs, acting mostly as straight man to Andy and the Kingfish. The big jokes went to Andy and the Kingfish, with the Kingfish scoring the kingsize yaks.

And so it was only natural that when "Amos 'n' Andy" premiered on CBS-TV the central and motivating character had become the Kingfish. Amos appeared briefly as part of a chorus serenading the Kingfish with "He's a jolly good fellow," and Andy was stooge to the Kingfish in the story of Kingfish and his wife, Saphire. We had lost another bit of nostalgia to these changing times. No more the story of Amos and Andy; more the story of "The Easy Kingfishes."

As for the performances, Tim Moore as Kingfish looked and played the part the closest of any of the other Amos 'n' Andy characters I have been listening to on radio for years. The others who walked across the nineteen-inch screen of my television set did not resemble the characters who have been flitting across the two-inch screen of my imagination. This, of course, is a personal criticism, each according to his own conception.

Another personal criticism — not mine — is a letter from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the sponsor protesting that the show "tends to strengthen the conclusion among uninformed or prejudiced peoples that Negroes . . . are inferior, lazy, dumb, and dishonest." Since these are the ingredients of most all comedy situations on TV and radio (nobody lazier or more dishonest than Al in "My Friend Irma" or dumber than Gracie Allen) the only solution is to keep an all-Negro cast from ever presenting a comedy situation on TV or radio. I may be uninformed or prejudiced but I can't go along with this sort of segregation.

"Meet the Press," an NBC-TV program with historical overtones and political undertones, or vice versa depending on how you vote, is the best panel show on the channels. It has just taken on another half hour in addition to its regular Sunday schedule. The new half hour is replacing the Milton Berle show for the summer. The winters are getting warmer they tell us, and in some fifty or sixty thousand years perhaps "Meet the Press" will replace the Berle show all the year round. His NBC contract will surely have run out then. To all the kids in my set who worship their Uncle Miltie I am known as Anti Miltie.

In almost every appearance the busty Dagmar has made on television her writers have been sure to come up with several mammaliaprops.

Undaunted by the oversight of CBS to send your reporter an invitation to its commercial premiere of a color-television show, I tuned in the gala affair on my set at home. Because they had also forgotten to send me an adaptor or a something which brings in the picture in color I sat there staring at lines which zigzagged crazily across the screen. However, since sound has no color I was able to hear the dialogue, and a more inane hour of nothing I have never listened to. When the show was over I was purple with rage and turned off my set in a blue funk. This is color television?

The hair-tinting commercials get longer and longer. It is quite obvious by now that old blondes never fade. They just dye away.

Replacing the Fred Waring show for the summer, Oscar Levant is starred in "Guest House." (CBS, Sunday, 9-10 P.M.).

Somebody said, "Hey, about this? Of course I'm talking off the top of my head—but how about us doing a TV show with Oscar Levant?"

—*Eric Schaal.*

Oscar Levant—"this guy's clever."

"Yeh? What doing?"

"Are you kidding? This guy's clever. So we let him MC an hour show with some clever guest stars, and they'll say clever things to Oscar and he can say clever things back at them."

"Yes, that sounds clever. But I was thinking more of a quiz show for the summer."

"Well, OK, I'll buy that. So we add a panel. Get some clever guest stars and rig up some kind of a quiz that the guest stars do for the panel, and Oscar can say clever things about the guest stars, and then he can say clever things to the panel, and the panel can say clever things back to Oscar. OK?"

"Roger!"

"No, Oscar!"

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha."

Well, the first show didn't quite come off as cleverly as had been anticipated. Being a master of insult, Oscar clevered the panel to the quick. As a matter of fact the two winners of the first week's clever panel were supposed to come back and be clever the following week. One didn't show up. This I thought was clever.

But the second show was an improvement over the first, and before the summer is over Oscar might have found himself except for one minor detail—the show was canceled. There are no two ways about Oscar—you either like Oscar or you don't. I and Oscar happen to like him.

A summer replacement for part of the Sid Caesar-Imogene Coca show is a half-hour thing by Doodles Weaver.

Oh, brother!

I had intended reviewing another summer replacement show, "Who's Whose," starring Phil Baker. After one week it was removed and another show was substituted. It's bad enough to review summer replacements. But a summer replacement for a summer replacement—not me.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

attention is largely focused is Potnik, who becomes separated from his company and wanders around the blasted countryside, seeking answers both to the problems of survival and warfare and to the larger questions of his position in his universe. Along the way he meets with members of the Belgian Resistance, a gunner and a driver from his own Army, and a captured Nazi officer. Out of his experiences and conversations with these he gropes toward a sort of answer.

Mr. Fridley's picture of men at war is somewhat less dramatic and pointed than others have given us. Its surface action mounts to no climax and resolution in the conventional sense, and the spiritual and intellectual gropings of his characters are left similarly unresolved. But the characters are real, drawn with persuasive authority. One gets the feeling that, along with the author, those who survive will continue to grope for more conclusive answers. Mr. Fridley's future work should show whether the craftsmanship and honesty he has here demonstrated can be employed on a larger canvas or to more definitive ends.

Fiction Notes

I AM LIDIAN. By Naomi Lane Babson. Harcourt, Brace. $3. The deft skill with which Naomi Lane Babson tells the story of Lidian will be appreciated by readers who have begun to wonder whether the pioneer American woman ever got farther than her bedroom and what she did with her time when she wasn't beckoning to or fending off the pioneer man. Not that Lidian's memories of ninety years of living do not include men—she was thrice married, bore six children, and knew "evil and good together, joy and sorrow, love and hate." She belongs to the calvacade of quiet old women whose calm exteriors baffle the curious and young.

William C. Fridley—"thoughtful tale."

On her ninetieth birthday Lidian Griffin Fortune looks back on a series of experiences incredible if taken separately, in retrospect woven into a tight pattern of interlocking lives that rings true. Her youth and most adventurous years she spent as the wife of Alonzo Dorie, who was first a theatrical trouper, later cast in his lot and that of Lidian and their children with a wagon train bound for San Francisco. Lidian's powers of endurance survived the primitive journey, but she and her husband had a final bitter quarrel and he disappeared, taking the two little girls with him. She never saw any of them alive again.

In the second great tragedy of her life Lidian killed the man who attempted to blackmail her on the score that a previous "marriage" contracted at eighteen had been legal. With the help of a third man, patient, methodical, upright, Lidian was cleared of the charge of murder; she then married Cyrus Fortune, bore him three sons, and found security and peace.

Lidian's childhood, her mother's unhappy love story, the touching histories of the men and women who made up the wagon train—all are part of an integregated whole. As the portrait of a woman "I Am Lidian" is a tribute to the force of artistic restraint and good taste.

—JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE.

THE IRONMASTER. By Anne Powers. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50. The most that can be said in the way of praise for Anne Powers's fourth novel is that it covers much territory. She sends her hero from New York to Philadelphia to Paris to the Great Lakes Indian country and back to Philadelphia, somewhat justifying his wanderlust with a few vividly drawn pictures of the status quo in these localities.

But wherever he is Martin Rafferty is concerned only with filling the purse of Martin Rafferty. At times he does turn his thoughts to such things as lying abed with Barbara Tappen and Jill Lansing, executing a mission for President Washington, or rescuing General Lafayette from Austrian troops, but these are of secondary importance in his robot mind. Indeed, there is nothing likable about this money-grubbing, bloodthirsty character who scalps his enemy's son and tosses the trophy in his face. Dust-jacket blurbs to the contrary, Jill, Barbara, and Martin are as lifeless as the portraits of Washington, Hamilton, Lafayette, Anthony Wayne, Louis Capet, and Marie Antoinette.

Action fans, however, will find a plenitude of mob scenes, duels, Indian battles, kidnapings on the high seas, scalpings, miscellaneous brawls, and other types of combat common to the eighteenth century. In the end Rafferty is reunited with the wife and iron foundry he came close to losing, but it's a futile and pointless reunion after 400 pages of stereotyped melodrama.

—*Schlechten.*

Naomi Lane Babson—"rings true."

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

LAIRD'S CHOICE. By Rosamond Marshall. Prentice-Hall. $3. This costumed farandole of a novel skips from the braes of Scotland to the drawing rooms of London in lively, though synthetic, fashion. If too many boudoir detoirs are made en route put that down to the conventions of the romantic novel which require the heroine to interest her laird and master.

Highland Laurie's amorous problems begin one fine May morning in the early 1800's when she saunters forth to gather May dew with the maidens of Ben Fada. A wish made on a magic spitting stone catapults her into the arms of a prospective husband. But before her marriage to the Laird's bailiff can be consummated she is claimed by Sir Duff-Drummond —"laird's choice" being the custom of the country. When the bailiff is killed by a love-smitten clansman Laurie flees to Edinburgh, where she becomes companion to Lady Inverkleith, the Laird's grandmother. This incredible octogenarian leaves Laurie in possession of Duff-Drummond's name and fortune but not of his wandering fancy. So she proceeds to outsmart his dazzling mistresses by topping "Periwinkle's scale of bon ton" and to convert a footloose dandy into an acceptable husband.

The author of "Kitty" and "Duchess Hotspur" displays a sure hand with this kind of lightweight confection. She writes a [illegible] prose, but her plot depends too much on fortuitous events, well-timed deaths, strange wills, and sex—mainly sex.

—RAY PIERRE.

THE HILL OF FORTUNE. By Robert Wernick. Scribner. $3. Admirers of Robert Wernick's remarkable first

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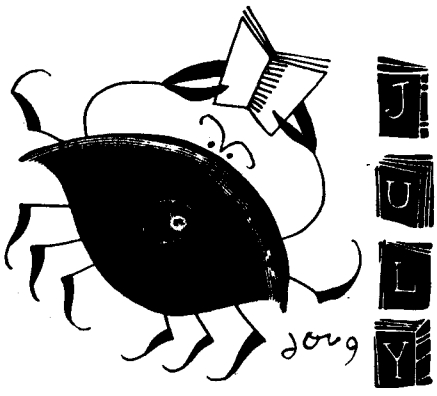
novel, "The Freebooters" (who must surely include everyone who reads it), will be congratulating themselves on having picked a winner as they finish his second book.

In "The Hill of Fortune" the writer turns from direct consideration of the war and applies his caustic, mid-century intelligence to the days just before and just after it. At times with wit and at others with compassion—but always with a sophistication which is about ten degrees higher than anything we are accustomed to in current writing—he inspects the growing up of two brothers and a girl they knew. Unafraid of complexity, Wernick writes his three people into a wonderful variety of situations, manipulating the shifts in their relationships to one another and to their families with a degree of control which is something to behold. He is no man for the current witless fashion of letting fortuitous violence terminate without solving the problems he creates. They are solved in terms of character, which, as seems to have been half-forgotten, is the way it's done.

There is a beautifully organized variety in "The Hill of Fortune": tenderness and satire, wisdom and mockery, zest and bitterness, criticism and justification. And along with them is a fine, unsentimental faith in the curious way in which America and Americans are coming of age. The book seems to this reviewer successful and satisfying on every level.

—VANCE BOURJAILY.



KINDLING. By Frederick Wight. Little, Brown. $3. A story of village life in New England, "Kindling" holds the reader's interest because human nature is the author's chief preoccupation and because he has the knack of telling what is on the whole a plausible yarn. Its chief character is a young and lively school teacher, one Madge Newell, who knows her own mind and has no scruple about acting on her inclinations and her resolves. This does not mean that she is wise; women in emotional matters rarely are—at least so novelists tell us, and Mr. Wight is no exception to the rule. Indeed, Madge might have had for husband the wisest and wealthiest man in the little, old-fashioned Cape village. Such was Andrew Frost, who was a nice, reasonable man and did not abuse his power; for he held the community of Marshbrook in the hollow of his hand. A man of good will, he frowned on only one member, Harrison Pyle, a sot and ne'er-do-well with inclinations for arson to boot. Of course, the latter phase was a secret to everyone but is by no means a secret to the reader.

You wouldn't think that a sensible, upstanding girl like Madge would have any use for Harrison, but she did; and when rumors began to spread about their relation she married him, in some measure against his will. She set out to reform him—which she should have known was about the worst thing she could have tried to do; but Madge was not the girl to let anything stand in her way. It must be clear to any reader (so it's not giving a secret away) that such an attempt was bound to end in disaster. Throughout, Andrew Frost reveals himself as a good man, generous in magnanimity. No Pharisee, he stands by in crucial moments, when and where he is needed most. Another sterling character is Liz McQuade, who runs a sea captains' home. The author is obviously fond of her, and he communicates his fondness to the reader. Elisha Kane, the "natural preacher," is another character who is real as well as regional.

—JOHN COURNOS.

THE DAUGHTER. By Arthur Markowitz. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. The daughter of Mr. Markowitz's torrid tale is Maxa Freye, offspring of a Capetown financier. Maxa is twenty, bursting with a ripeness that the author never wearies of describing and, to quote her diary, thirsting "for the touch of a lover . . . who will approach me with the devout serenity of a priest about to enter his temple." In the course of her young womanhood Maxa seeks and finds many acolytes. There are Robert Hipkin, the corner grocer, Denzil Tiquin, an architect, three traveling salesmen named Bubi, Heinz, and Gerhard, and a number of others. None of these aspirants measures up to her ideal. Nor does a nice young photographer named Eric, who loves Maxa in spite of her defections but who is spurned after a brief romance.

When she reaches her majority Maxa flees the respectable Jewish atmosphere of the family mansion and seeks her freedom in Durban and in Johannesburg. Since the cultural climate of these cities is about as expansive as that of Dubuque, Iowa, fifty years ago her career as a bachelor girl is not too auspicious. As a twelve-pound-a-month typist Maxa goes from one sordid encounter to another until finally salvaged from Johannesburg's slums by her long-suffering parent.

It is Mr. Markowitz's picture of South African cities and mores which gives the book its main distinction. His account of Maxa's didoes is overly portentous and often naïve; but the background of South African life against which his heroine moves is an interesting panorama of a society that is unfamiliar to most American readers.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, submits a quiz concerning the rather odd behavior of ten famous literary characters. Can you name the story and the character in each case? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 35.

1. When his wife left him to go to Chicago with another man he accompanied them a short way on the train and laid down a few laws.
2. Ever eager for definite facts he would beat corpses with a stick to learn the degree of bruises that could be produced after death.
3. He startled his fellow Pullman passengers when he knelt in the aisle before his berth to say his prayers.
4. Although she had vowed to die in her recently deceased husband's tomb, this Ephesian widow donated his corpse to save the life of her new lover.
5. He kept an account of the number of roaches he killed in his room each day and delighted in breaking his own record.
6. She began writing plays in her fifties because a typewriter happened to be delivered to her house by mistake.
7. Each month these two ladies received Government salary checks which, after jotting down the serial numbers, they burned immediately in a sort of ritual.
8. She paid two thousand dollars for an automobile which was never taken out of its inadequate garage, where it collected dust for more than four years.
9. This extraordinary hostess refused to budge from her chair while she ordered her son and his new girl friend to bring supper from the kitchen and to remain silent while she listened to a radio commentary.
10. She was a kindhearted woman but a little careless about divorcing one husband before she married another.

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FOLKLORE IN AMERICAN PROSE

(*Continued from page 7*)

basis in folk materials. Herbert Quick and Walter Edmonds have made ample use of Erie Canal lore, and Hervey Allen has used the saga of the Pittsburgh region in this fashion, as Conrad Richter has absorbed folk tales in his trilogy of trees, fields, and town. These quietly exciting novels wear lightly their author's extensive research on pioneer ways, and they give us the living core of history. They are not mere mosaic oddments imposed on the story, with the situation never working itself through. They contrast effectively with some period novels in which the quaint old furniture has been so ardently described that one can fairly see the antique dealer at the door. A masterly management of the legendary image of the past characterizes also Willa Cather's colorful story of maintaining the faith on the Southwestern frontier, as well as O. E. Rolvaag's exhilarating saga of giants struggling with inhuman destiny in the cold Northland, and A. B. Guthrie's emigrants spoiling their paradise under the Big Sky. The South has naturally couched its myths of heroism and grandeur in terms of the past. From Thomas Nelson Page to Margaret Mitchell and Stark Young there has been sentiment for a lost cause and for a generous way of life forever gone. Folkways have been preserved in works like these and in Caroline Miller's "Lamb in His Bosom," in Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary," and in Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's "Cross Creek," all of them rich in local lore.

An interesting way in which folklore has made an impact on twentieth-century prose is Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "The Time of Man." Miss Roberts by giving that novel something of the character of a folk ballad, retaining at the same time a psychological depth which is one of the characteristics of that more primitive art form, has directed the modern novel into a new channel. "The Happy Mountain," by Maristan Chapman, has achieved a similarly happy blend of Cumberland Mountain folk song with story, while Wallace Stegner in "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" has treated a Western frontierman's hobo dreams and frustrations in the manner of the older mythmakers. Wilbur Schramm's Windwagon Smith stories and Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster" are each in their way a refinement of the indigenous tall tale. All these recent experiments in adapting folk sources to the uses of fiction have deepened and enriched it.

Folk biography, too, has thrived on legend, from the time when Parson Weems embellished his "Life of Washington" with the cherry-tree incident to Sandburg's "Lincoln" and Lloyd Lewis's "Myths After Lincoln." Wayman Hogue has demonstrated in "Back Yonder" how autobiography may be grounded on folklore and folkways. And in the field of drama Lula Vollmer's "Sunup," Hatcher Hughes's "Hell-Bent for Heaven," and the Carolina Playmakers have shown how to utilize the unforced humor and the rhythms and inflections of genuine folk speech for folk drama. "Green Pastures," based on Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," is a modern form of primitive mythmaking, uniting the outlines of the cycle play with those of choral drama. A renewal of art in the primitive appears also in the *paisanos* of Steinbeck. On another level James Thurber's "The White Deer," with its clever adaptation of the style of the fairy tale, makes literary use of folk material.

IN CONCLUSION, is it not surprising that a people so divergent as we should have created a distinctive lore and used it in our prose writing as extensively as we have? Not only have our years been few, when one remembers that only gradually is a literature so enriched, but the wide use of print has militated against the normal process of mythic development. A few of our writers have hesitated to experiment with folk materials because to them the integrity of our traditions was not clear. Perhaps, Constance Rourke suggests, when we shall have become a more perfectly formed folk the taboos and symbols of folk consciousness will have more adequate expression. Certainly the revitalization of art demands the folklore quality. We have as yet only begun to realize the richness of our folk material. At present we are largely in the recording stage. But the delay in appropriating this material and transliterating it is not wholly bad; it may serve to offset precocious growth until form and feeling will flow into natural use.

Even now the changes in our social fabric have wrought a respectable body of yarning, informal, flexible, and well-adapted to express a frontier society. Because of the exactions of the long, highly organized forms of art like the novel our successes have been mainly in the tall tale and the semi-literate sketch, with dialect tales magnifying local peculiarities. What we shall have in time is not the grotesquerie of folk language but the essence of folk speech. To some extent that is already being embodied in works of enduring charm. The answer, then, to the question whether the sophistication of our age together with its wide use of print makes the future impact of folklore on our prose negligible is an emphatic "No." Actually some of the Paul Bunyan stories have reverted from print to oral tradition and have enjoyed a regressive development. Let barber shop, park bench, and courthouse square—any place where men gather to exchange word-hoards—continue to supply lore which the collector and the radio and the movie can transmit to an eager public! Our prose is definitely the richer for it.

Ernest E. Leisy, professor of English at Southern Methodist University, is the author of "American Literature" and editor of "The American Historical Novel" and other books.

"Well, my boy, you've found yourself!"

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NEW EDITIONS

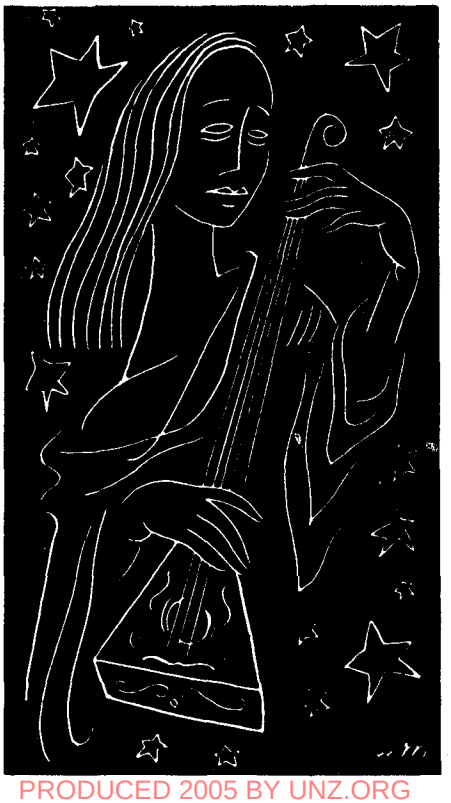
"MODERN Poetry: American and British" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4), edited by Kimon Friar and John Malcolm Brinnin, is the best and fullest anthology in its field and the best single volume in which to read and study the twentieth-century Anglo-American poetry that has baffled and alienated numberless readers and infuriated more than one conservative critic. The volume includes judiciously chosen representative work by almost every poet who has won a reputation as a modern as well as work by a few poets of currently incontestable stature who have not sought or been accorded that appellation. The editorial net has been wide enough to include a play by Gertrude Stein and passages ordinarily looked upon as prose from the writings of James Joyce and Djuna Barnes. In addition there are elaborate exegetical notes on many of the more obscure poems and an "Introduction to Modern Poetry" which explains why the editors believe the most estimable poets of our day must write as they do. Here is full measure, given in almost six hundred packed pages.

Mr. Friar and Mr. Brinnin believe that "the mental climate of our time is such that nearly all of its worthy poetry has been influenced to some degree either directly or indirectly" by the metaphysical idiom of Donne or by the symbolism that stems from Mallarmé; and they advance again the familiar argument that the authors of this worthy poetry are necessarily obscure because they are living in a disintegrated world that provides the poet with no reliable body of belief, no commonly shared systems of metaphysic and myth. So every poet is forced to essay his own construction of usable myth and metaphysic, with a resultant diversion of creative energy and final results that must prove a sore trial to any reader who has not the patience or the intelligence to penetrate the poet's private world. Dante was the last poet to enjoy the full benefits of a universally shared world vision, and since his day, we are told: "Every poet has . . . in despair, tried to become a Dante."

This statement has a fine heroic ring, but I think it would be more accurate to say, at least of the poets here called modern, that most of them have been content to record fleeting impressions, fractions of experience, and transitory thoughts. Perhaps T. S. Eliot has tried to become a Dante; but a writer who accepts and is fortified by Christianity can hardly be said to stand in need of a new mythology. Yeats and a few others have tried their hands at myth-making, and of him and his fellows our editors say: "The poetry of Yeats and all modern poetry are splendid fragments of a civilization never known and never built." But Yeats, let it be noted, is only occasionally obscure, and never as obscure as Eliot, who has called Yeats the greatest poet of his age. A few clues suffice to unlock Yeats's secrets, whereas—in the book before us—forty closely printed pages of notes are furnished the reader to assist him toward an understanding of four poems by Eliot. It is true that Yeats's seven poems have their fourteen pages of notes; but this, I think, is a result of today's critical fashion rather than of necessity.

This whole matter of obscurity is itself obscure. If a poet finds it difficult, even torture, to communicate with his readers then we must regard him with compassion; but if he is wilfully dark and devious, if he falls in love with ambiguity and obfuscation for their own sakes, if he permits himself to become the autointoxicated victim of his private verbal games we can fairly deny him serious attention. That some of the writers represented in "Modern Poetry" merit this denial is almost certain. But it is quite certain that many of them deserve the most intelligent attention we can give them.

Max Eastman is one of those who think that there has been "an ignominious capitulation of the critics" in the face of the unintelligible—that many critics are pretending to admire poetry that contains no communicable meaning or beauty. He is an old fighter in the field, whose beliefs about poetry as well as much of the poetry he loves will be found in the double volume "Enjoyment of Poetry with Anthology for Enjoyment of Poetry" (Scribners, $4.50).



In the first half of this book, starting from the premise that poetry is a way of life rather than a mere matter of words, Mr. Eastman seeks to discover to us the several techniques whereby the poet performs his function of realizing experience and heightening consciousness of life, and he comes full circle to the conclusion that "poetic speech is not so much an art as a natural material in which artists may work." He also gives us among other papers a brief history of English poetry, in which he points to the separation of poetry from science as the central event of that history and laments "the gradual banishment of poetry from the pursuit of knowledge." His anthology ranges from Shakespeare to some of the moderns. But regarding the latter his rule is strict. "When moved to introduce a poet of the unintelligible cult," he tells us, writing in 1939, "I have selected a poem in which through some large special act of condescension or some slip of the tongue he has communicated his meaning or experience to my mind."

FOUR POETS of the Friar-Brinnin anthology are more fully represented in books that have lately come my way—"The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats" (Macmillan, $5); "The Road Not Taken: An Introduction to Robert Frost," edited with running commentary by Louis Untermeyer (Holt, $3.50); "The Collected Later Poems of William Carlos Williams" (New Directions, $3); and Herbert Read's "Collected Poems" (New Directions, $3). The first of these completes the tale of Yeats's protean development by adding to the earlier "collected" edition poems written between 1933 and 1939. The best work of this extraordinary poet still carries some trivialities in its train, but time will cast them off. "The Road Not Taken" is what it claims to be, a pleasant introduction to the world of Robert Frost. Many of Williams's "later poems" are finished products of an angle-of-vision and a style at which he has arrived after much experimentation. Others are acceptable only if one agrees with his belief that some poems need be no more than shorthand notes for future reference. Herbert Read is at ease in several poetic moods and manners and truly distinguished in none; but it must be remembered that poetry is only one of several media through which his vigorous, versatile mind has found expression.

In making "The Oxford Book of American Verse" (Oxford, $5) F. O. Matthiessen used fine intelligence, sure taste, and sound knowledge. He in-

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vited comparatively few poets to his gathering—scores of old anthological favorites are absent—but he gave each of his guests ample room in which to show his worth. The best of the moderns are present in strength, but there is no poetry that is merely obscure. It is good to see space given to Robert Penn Warren's great "Ballad of Billie Potts" and to find John Bishop's fine elegy for Scott Fitzgerald in a volume that promises it long life.

Among recent volumes of translated poetry are Baudelaire's "The Flowers of Evil" (Richard Smith, New York, $4), Englished with psychoanalytic notes by Arthur F. Kraetzer; "The Poems of Catullus" (Dutton, $3), translated by various hands, edited by W. Appleton Aiken; and Rabindrinath Tagore's "Sheaves" (Philosophical Library, $3.50), poems and songs, translated by Nagendranath Gupta. The late Dr. Kraetzer interprets Baudelaire's poems as the expressions of a suppressed homosexual with an Oedipus complex. The doctor's translations are not as faithful as he thought ("I see again my past at rest between your feet" is an inadequate rendering of "Et revis mon passé blotti dans tes genoux"), but he succeeded brilliantly with many poems where other translators have failed. Mr. Aiken has fully realized his intention. He has assembled the best English versions of Catullus in an order that makes sense; and some of the best versions are by himself. Conspicuously he has solved the problem of translating properly—or improperly—"nunc in quadriviis et angiportis glubit magnanimi Remi nepotes." And "Sheaves" is, well—Tagore.

—Ben Ray Redman.

THE LAST BOSWELL PAPER

(*Continued from page* 15)

do I. My life, like the rain, is unspeakable. I have had such joys as a Homer or a Shakespeare could not tell of. My only regret is that I have not been radical enough. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well? The universe is wider than our views of it. We have not truly explored either the world or ourselves. Half of Africa is white on the map. Who knows how much of our own souls is the same? Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is only a morning star.

Johnson: Kit Smart, sir, had some such notions. But we sent him to Bedlam.

The Stranger: When the asylums are too small to hold all the sane and the prisons too small to hold all the righteous, then sunrise will be near.

Johnson: The state of nature is the state of war. Any government is better than no government. Madness is to be pitied, but society has a right to protect itself. Had you a stick in your hand I should knock you down first and pity you afterwards. But words hurt no man. You may talk for effect, sir, and I will talk with you.

(*At this moment James Boswell steps from behind the bookcase. The notebook which he thrusts into his pocket suggests that contrary to his usual custom he has been taking notes in the field, as it were.*)

Boswell: Gentlemen, your very humble servant. I had hoped that I might have the distinction of presenting two such remarkable men to one another, but I see that chance has been before me. (*To the Stranger*) Your pardon sir, but I bear a message to Dr. Johnson. (*To Johnson*) Mr. Dilly, sir, has asked me to inquire if he can have the pleasure of your company for dinner tonight.

Johnson: I shall be honored.

Boswell: You mean, I assume, that you will come if the company invited is agreeable to you.

Johnson: What do you mean, sir? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?

Boswell: I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like.

Johnson: Let us have no more of this. It is treating me strangely to talk as though I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally.

Boswell: Even, let us say, Voltaire?

Johnson: Voltaire, sir, or the Devil, sir. If there is any difference between them.

Boswell: (*Smiles the smile of one who has accomplished his purpose. He turns to the stranger*): You will pardon us, sir. Mr. Dilly did not know that I should find you with Dr. Johnson.

The Stranger: You need not excuse yourself. I myself am engaged for this evening—to an elm tree.

"I'm sure they'll publish my letter this time. Listen to this: 'I wish to applaud and praise your sound editorial in your forthright and courageous publication' . . ."

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The Story of a Poem

MELVILLE CANE

Bedtime Story

ONCE there was a spaniel
By the name of Daniel,
And a pig,
Sig,
And a pussy,
Gussie—
She chased a mouse,
Klaus;
And a squirrel,
Errol,
And a white she-bear,
Claire,
And a Scotch lion,
Ian,
And a very fierce shark,
Mark.

You'll agree, my dear,
They were rather a queer
Assortment
Of temperament and deportment.

And yet,
My pet,
In spite of their diversities
And perversities
Both zoological,
And ideological,
They all gathered together
One day, when the weather
Was especially frightful, and decided
It wasn't safe to stay divided
Any longer, and that they should,
For their common good,
(Rather than risk another calamity)
Try amity.

And that's the way there began
to dawn a
Plan they christened UNITED
FAUNA.

* * *

"And did they live happily ever
after, daddy?"
"I'll tell you the rest tomorrow.
Goodnight, dear."*

One often achieves unexpected results from a mere jingle. Several mornings running I found myself afflicted, as I woke up, with the childish rhyme:

Once there was a spaniel
By the name of Daniel.

It was just one of those annoying things you pick up like a tack when you walk barefooted. But, unlike the tack, it was not so easily extracted; it had evidently become embedded for the duration.

The rhyme was no less childish than my mood. Before long I started playing around with other animals. Following Daniel and with the eagerness of a five-year old I continued:

And a pig,
Sig,
And a pussy,
Gussie—
She chased a mouse,
Klaus;
And a squirrel,
Errol,
And a white she-bear,
Claire,
And a Scotch lion,
Ian,
And a very fierce shark,
Mark.

This outburst just about satisfied my appetite for further exploration. What amused me about the performance was its element of free association; it reminded me of the kind of improvisation a parent might string out for a sleepy child demanding one last story before being tucked in for the night; it would probably have no ending but would trail off inconclusively as the eyes closed and consciousness faded. It was the beginning of a bedtime story; that was what I christened it.

A word or so about the meter. The method of free association induced equal freedom in rhythmic structure. The erratic choice of the animals, the lack of constraint from any formal scheme, the utter unpredictability and inconsequence of what might be coming next—all made for novelty and freshness of form. I dared use as complete lines such monosyllables as "Sig," "Klaus," "Claire," and "Mark" to produce an abrupt staccato effect.

Up to this point, therefore, the doggerel was devoid of serious meaning. That there might evolve some deliberate sense first dawned on me as my mind picked up the "white she-bear." It suggested Russia. The suggestion of one country spread to the other countries (the "Scotch Lion," "Klaus"), not by any close or exact analogy but as a general picture of a world family for animals, ferocious and harmless, majestic and insignificant, without central harmony or relationship.

I began to think in terms of fable or allegory with an undercurrent of irony and thus emerged from the atmosphere of innocence to that of sophistication. Continuing to follow the original pattern—"my dear," "my pet"—I departed from infant simplicity of speech to the adult vocabulary of "temperament and deportment," "diversities and perversities both zoological and ideological." By this time the poem had definitely become one about the United Nations and the world conditions which had demanded its establishment. It required little effort to fill in the outline; the details appear in the third stanza.

Now I was faced with the task of coming through with an effective ending. I couldn't mention the United Nations as such, for that would have destroyed the allegory. Aesop and La Fontaine had taught me that the technique of allegory or fable was approach by indirection. What, therefore, must one substitute for "United Nations"? The poem was about animals and animals are fauna. This congress or convocation of the animals was to be a meeting of fauna as a body for the sake of union. It must adopt an official name. Could there be any alternative to "United Fauna"? On these two words I ended the poem.

"Bedtime Story" is a poem that found its punch line at the very finish; it grew out of the situation as it developed. In this respect the poem differs fundamentally in origin and construction from those which start from a tempting last line and build up hindwise.

Technically I suppose I might have stopped here. A footnote, however, seemed to be called for, even if in prose, and if only to hint that civilization progresses not through the formation of institutions but through the spirit which animates them.

Besides, I wanted to return to the blissful state of my opening.

Melville Cane, besides being a New York attorney specializing in copyright law, has written several volumes of poetry, including "A Wider Arc."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Francis Rittenmeyer in "The Wild Palms," by William Faulkner. 2. Sherlock Holmes in "A Study in Scarlet," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 3. George Brush in "Heaven's My Destination," by Thornton Wilder. 4. Dynamene in "A Phoenix Too Frequent," by Christopher Fry. 5. Harris in "The Heart of the Matter," by Graham Greene. 6. Penelope Sycamore in "You Can't Take It With You," by Kaufman and Hart. 7. Crystal Hower and Letitia Turnbull in "Two Blind Mice," by Samuel Spewack. 8. Eliza Gant in "Of Time and the River," by Thomas Wolfe. 9. Mrs. Joyboy in "The Loved One," by Evelyn Waugh. 10. Sissy in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," by Betty Smith.

* *Published in* SRL *June* 13, 1946.

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POETRY

(*Continued from page 23*)

not ultimately rewarding. His intelligence is of immense range and sensitivity, but only occasionally does it plumb the generous depths of great poetry. In some manner peculiar to himself he says Yes without affirming.

It seems that Princess Elizabeth expressed admiration for the art of Danny Kaye, which is a summer thought to delight man and beast—all the more so because the Royal Tastelessness provoked Mr. Schwartz to write an enchantingly mad book, "Vaudeville for a Princess and Other Poems." The "Vaudeville" itself is a series of prose turns interrupted by poems. "And Other Poems" is the more serious and less valuable residue. Yet even in his clowning I suspect that Schwartz is very serious indeed. The learnedly cockeyed dissertations on "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Don Giovanni," reductions of greatness to the gum-chewers' level, are social criticism of a kind. And "The Difficulty of Divorce" is a hilarious tract to be pondered by bishops everywhere.

I have described the poetry as less valuable than the prose but this is only because of the extraordinary merit of the latter. From the beginning of his career, in the nostalgic dream-vision which concludes "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" down through "The World Is a Wedding," Delmore Schwartz has shown himself a master of a prose style of almost unbelievable subtlety and expressiveness. He carries it on in the "Vaudeville," where it takes on a pseudo-ingenuous deadpan, a parody of youthful seriousness, that the master-parodist, Joyce himself, might have envied. And this mastery means more to me than the high competence of the poetry—a skilful verse, a bit on the minor-Auden side but by no stretch of the imagination high art.

Dudley Fitts is English instructor at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, and the author of many volumes of poetry.

Lost Heritage

By Eric Wilson Barker

ONCE there was wonder of waking that we shared
With those whose hearts beat simpler than our own.
The birds have not forgotten, nor the beasts,
The after-hush of night upon the leaves,
The stone's cool premonition of the dawn.
They wait beside the light-expectant sea,
They gather by the margins of the lakes.
No doubt is in their eastward-turning eyes,
Always for them the phoenix is reborn.

Then the long miracle of growing day
Grew in our hearts, we held it hour by hour,
The beauty of innocence nothing else could change.
Accepting love, we gave it back to bear
The morning-tasting fruits no frost could kill.
The birds were there before us in the dawn,
The animals with lifted heads were glad,
Knowing their certain god was in the sky.
And we, religious men, traced clues to heaven
In veins of leaves, and in the flowered grass
Read the repeated patterns of the stars.

We were the blessed, the richest heirs of all,
Now poorer than the animals and birds,
Poorer than trees, less eloquent than stones
Of day's long light retreating to the shade,
Of quietness once so germane to our thought
We made a meeting-place as lovers do
At evening crossroads privy to the dark,
And love was sudden at the lip and hand,
And close against the heart as quiet as owls.

O now lost traveler, waking in the dark
Night after night to no assuring star,
Remember when the fabric of your faith
With light was sinewed stronger than with steel.
The house you have abandoned is not far,
No farther than the journey that a prayer
Makes to the crannied east, no farther
Than the shadows that the trees

At dusk turn nightward now.

Echoes of Time Past

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS. By Kenneth Rexroth. New York: New Directions. 190 *pp.* $1.50.

A TIME OF TURNING. By Carleton Drewry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 96 *pp.* $2.75.

THE NEW BARBARIAN. By Winthrop Palmer. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 62 *pp.* $2.50.

By Howard Griffin

SINCE Kenneth Rexroth is a serious poet it seems unfortunate that the four plays, classic in subject, included in this volume should—despite occasional flashes of brilliance—leave such an overworked, dull impression. With an air of portentousness large statements are made that often deflate themselves into bathos. In back of the violent situations of Elizabethan drama one remains always conscious of the passion and involvement that continually push the rhetoric ahead into poetry. These plays, however, lack this involvement. Many of his lines strive for this huge Elizabethan quality—"The world is a globe of lightning. . . . Each spirit eats its own body. . . . The gods never do the same things twice"—but succeed in achieving only a highly wrought hollowness.

Also, he seems to have a tendency to indulge in such lines as this from "Phaedra": ". . . girls' gauze bottoms and spiced breasts."

As for "A Time of Turning," Carleton Drewry appears to be a slavish imitator of the Frostian technique without either the wit or felicity of that poet. Obviously a poem must contain more than innocuous statements about the habits of insects or the positions of light on a landscape.

The work of this writer involves a metaphysical mistake. True, the modern West has the conception of nature as a physical frame which may be closely related to human beings. Used in one sense "nature" can mean images and realities which interact with the human being and which he takes to be the ambiant of his life. If one falls into the trap of imagining that nature responds to one or that it has moral responsibility one finds oneself becoming either sentimental or superstitious. In the one case, you have a phenomenon like Wordsworth; in the other, the Greek myths that personify and often attempt to propitiate the wind, thunder, the sea. If one has genius (as Wordsworth did) it is possible to wrest poetry from the subjective approach to nature. What happens as a result of this approach in Mr. Drewry's case is, we feel, prettiness and flat observation.

Of these three books Winthrop Palmer's first collection of poems remains the most difficult to appraise. She has had the courage to attempt to deal with recalcitrant subject matter.

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Although I find myself in sympathy with her grimness, her control, her attention to detail, I am also aware in almost every poem of a simplistic attack on highly complex problems, irresolution, and a desensitization that comes over from author to reader and that may well be integrally connected with the source of her material: the City. One takes pleasure in her short drypoint pieces ("Ante Urbem" and "Brooklyn"), in which she catches a psychophysical topography. Although Mrs. Palmer says,

I far prefer to feel
(and love)

the data of the poems implement, rather, a lack of feeling. Vaguely the jacket states: "Mrs. Palmer, a student of Latin and French literature, believes that classic disciplines will survive any barbarian invasion." I am sure Mrs. Palmer herself has survived many invasions; she has outlasted any invasion of emotion only too well.

A word as to the thesis of "The New Barbarian." Implicitly the writer draws a parallel between the modern industrialized West and Rome at the point of its decay and fall. Working thus from this analogy, the G.I. becomes the Dying Gaul, the city girl "a blonde savage," the officeworkers "slaves," etc., but the correspondence is too insisted upon and slide-rule equivalents of this sort quickly bore the reader. Not once does the writer humanly grasp and render these figures. Perhaps the lesson to be drawn from this tight and unusual book is that if one tries to put the dragon-city into poetry one risks being dreary and half-frozen oneself.

Howard Griffin's book of poems "Cry Cadence" was a first prize-winner from the League to Support Poetry. He has been variously an editor and a seaman.

Empathy at Evening

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

AT EVENING everything—a bush, a chair—
Becomes aware;
The presence and the consciousness we sense
Of every waiting thing outdoors and in
Grows deeper, more intense,
Until the immortal and transcending hour
When the great world turns luminous and thin
And sudden fragrance rises from the flower.

To move across the garden on the grass
And through a door, is levelly to pass
Into the realm of a more watchful mind
Where quietness is of another kind
And twilight draws to its recurring peak
The cognizance which cannot move or speak:
Creatures of wood grown static and profound,
Regardful shapes whose striving is to sound
A mystic silence alien to the trees.
Wisdom and inquiry reside in these
Whose latter life is spent imbibing slow
What only the inanimate can know.

We pass from room to room
And what's not wood
Partakes the purely human view
Of what is good:
A table laid for morning all night through,
The proud forks shining in the gloom,
Believing that all houses must survive
The parturitions of the dark and light
By glint of silver living kept alive....

Now everything is lulled into the night.
The brief diurne eternity
Has passed
And the great world again is massed
Between us and the mystery.
Even the brooding house will hardly keep
Its vigil now, and beauty must abide
Only within the mind, where soon will slide
The paneled silk integument of sleep.

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• SCRIBNERS •

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Fantasy & Felines

DO NOT AWAKE ME: And Other Poems. By Marion Edey. New York: The Macmillian Co. 83 pp. $2.50.

NIGHT AND THE CAT. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 55 pp. $3.

By Sara Henderson Hay

IN THIS time when so much modern poetry sounds as if it could have been written by any one of a group of poets all competently using the same idiom and the same technique it is a delight to come upon a collection of poems with so distinctive and individual a personality as Marion Edey's "Do Not Awake Me." These lyrics combine economy and conciseness with what appears to be because of its directness an unstudied spontaneity, but any poet or critic knows that such apparent artlessness is often the result of a very conscious and perceptive artistry. Time and again the hard-hitting, natural speech, the emphatic short line after a lyric passage, the brief, forthright phrase bring us up short with their perfect eloquence.

What is the night for?
For love, the lover said.
Pain, the night is for,
pain and your bed.
And night is for the dead,
some said.

In the poem "Through a Glass Darkly" the listener hearing an owl hoot in the night thinks that upon some other night

The little owl, perhaps this one,
perhaps his son,
will send his shuddering voice,
now loud, now light,
across the night.
I may be near. I may be very near.
I may not choose to hear.

There is in Mrs. Edey's poems something of the eerie fantasy and the silvery ghostliness of De la Mare. She writes of wet woods and the "dark lawn smelling of rain" and the silence in a house where nothing ever happens. But she writes also with warmth and sunniness of days "so sweet to be living . . . when time is so long and so lovely" and of the earth that she loves and of the little creatures of earth, "all the woolly, hairy, furry ones," and the birds, whom she observes with a naturalist's as well as a poet's eye. Her poems about animals and birds and insects are invested with wit and imagination—the raven, hunched on his winter tree, remembering his ancestor—

Who twice daily gave
meat to the prophet in his cave . . .

and the grisly little speculation about some evening

when reason is tired,
and a cog in our destiny slips,

—From "Night and the Cat."

the Big Roach will come forth from
the pantry
wiping the crumbs from his lips.

And she can tell in a few brief lines a whole story of human and social tragedy, as in "Brown."

I am a brown man.
That is the way I am. Born that
way . . .

There is too much that I want to quote from these vivid and charming poems for a brief review. I can only suggest that you buy "Do Not Awake Me" and enjoy the poems yourself.

* * *

THE cat has always held a position of singular distinction among man's circle of four-footed friends. Never really domesticated, yet the most domestic of creatures, it graces his hearth and scratches his furniture. It accepts his affection and gives its own in return—when it chooses to do so. As Agnes Repplier remarks, its very presence is flattery. It is man's friend but not his slave; theirs is an affair between equals. The relationship is an ancient one. "Think," muses the cat in one of Walter de la Mare's poems, "what ages have brought us to this, / You in your lambskin coat, / Buttons of bone, / And me in my furabout / By the warm hearth stone."

Like many another poet and writer, Elizabeth Coatsworth has found the cat a fascinating subject. Her new book, "Night and the Cat," is a collection of some thirty-five poems about cats and kittens, written by her over a period of years and gathered together here in a really charming volume. Here are all sorts and kinds of cats: the plump and purring drowser by the fire; the thin and limber hunter with the hungry eye; the aloof and disdainful elegante; the bland innocent leaning against one's ankles; the inscrutable one, wrapped around with mystery, bringing from Egypt and Phoenicia "the lean flanks, the long stare, and the knowledge that I was a God."

Here are country cats "stepping high across wet grasses"; island cats hurrying down politely to congratulate the fisherman on the flavor of his haul; cats "keeping store on Sunday . . . moving about with an owner's airs. Over the oranges, apples and pears"; cats about their mysterious errands, walking alone through the lonely night, swift in the dark; kittens with "milk blue eyes and pansy faces."

I was delighted to find several poems I had remembered affectionately from early readings, in particular "Rain":

Where are the cats
in all this rain
That bows the trees
and spouts from the drain.
That blackens the house
and drums on the roof . . .

and "On a Night of Snow":

Cat, if you go outdoors, you must
walk in the snow,
You will come back with little white
shoes on your feet,
little white shoes of snow that have
heels of sleet.
Stay by the fire, my Cat. Lie still, do
not go.
See how the flames are leaping and
hissing low,
I will bring you a saucer of milk like
a marguerite,
so white and so smooth, so spherical
and so sweet—
stay with me, Cat. Outdoors the wild
winds blow.

Outdoors the wild winds blow, Mistress, and dark is the night,
strange voices cry in the trees, intoning strange lore,
and more than cats move, lit by our
eyes' green light,
on silent feet where the meadow
grasses hang hoar—
Mistress, there are portents abroad
of magic and might,
and things that are yet to be done.
Open the door!

It would be difficult, I think, even for people who don't like cats to resist the appeal of this book. Mrs. Coatsworth has captured the many-faceted charm of her subject in poetry which has wit and grace and a wholly appropriate dignity. She writes with humor and a beautiful simplicity, and there is nothing here of the sentimental or mawkish.

Foujita, the eminent Japanese artist, has illustrated the book with twelve exquisite line-drawings of cats.

Sara Henderson Hay's books of poetry include "This, My Letter," "Field of Honor," and "The Delicate Balance."

Summer Canticle

By Gustav Davidson

STAND and marvel,
Praise and hail!
Crown with laurel,
Quaff the grail!

Invoke the bird,
Salute the flower!
Emblaze the word,
Transmute the hour!

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Translations from Somethingorother

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Pour Prendre Conger

Never, Oh never,
Mention your hobbies in public.
I was silly enough to admit
My boyish pleasure
In Sherlock Holmes.
Now I am pooped
By a great following surge
Of innocent correspondents
Whom I have no stenography
To retaliate.

Remember, my dears,
The instant I mention anything
I'm through with it.

Richness of Life

Length comes on the days,
And my tall tulip trees
Twinkle at the top.
So now, with summer climbing,
I reckon up my joys.

My richest asset
Is my excitable neighbor
To whom I told my favorite story
About Kipling and the White Elephant
At the Zoo in Regent's Park.
"You mean to say," cried my friend,
"The Elephant really embraced him
With his probiscus?"

Pith

Swinburne did occasionally produce a poem of requisite pith.
—Dobree and Batho's "The Victorians and After," p. 66.

Oh my heirs and assigns, Oh my kin and my kith:
The hope, or frustration, I used to live with
Was producing a poem of Requisite Pith.

Goodman Spare That Noodle

(*The only sonnet ever written on the subject*)

Although I consume them by oodles
There's something comic in noodles.
Even the radio man
Hastens the word if he can;
Unless it is slurred
It sounds too absurd,
So he mentions it faster and faster....
The breakdown of a broadcaster
Would be a disaster.

No one will ever know
The laughs I get from radio.
I could only report 'em post-mortem.
But I'd give Adam and Eve and the apple
If they'd mention *scrapple*.

Witnesses Sign Here

By the time your beard grizzles
Your intellect fizzles.

If your blood-pressure rises
You're ready for assizes.

When an artery crocks
They order a box.

I had no plumes and no panache;
My life was simple corn-beef-hash
And my favorite poet, Ogden Nash.

Tourist as Purist

Chateaubriand, émigré beyond the tomb,
Romancer and philosopher,
Was one to whom
History gave a toss of her
Caprice. For now his chief stake
In men's affection is as beefsteak.

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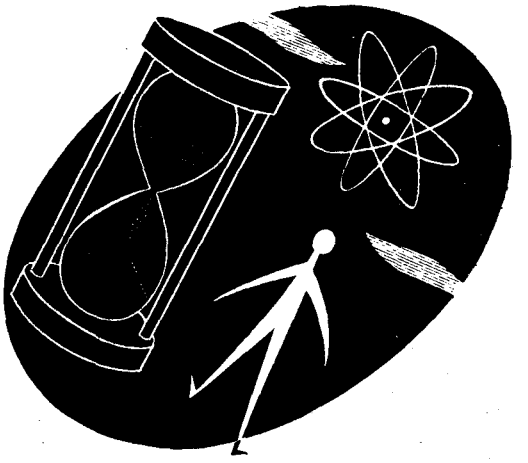
Lines from "The Atom Clock"

CORNEL LENGYEL



I. Proem

Questioners: (in unison)

IT HAS come, it has come, the unimagined moment:
Bewildered he guards the secret in his hands—
Curious potent promethean prize,
More fearful than fire, more fateful than flight—
What shall he do with it?

Pursuing destruction, he found the dread treasure,
Double-edged weapon for good or damnation,
Key to an Eden no prophet foretold,
Door to infernos none dare to predict—
How shall he master it?

Answerers: (in unison)

Too early, too soon, our lad's not yet ripe for it:
Caught in the shadows, he shrinks from the sun.
He fears to enter tomorrow today,
Too steep is the step by a thousand years—
He dreads the decision.

Too great the strange gift, it finds him too small,
Too much has he learned, yet too little for wisdom,
Too crafty his fingers, too cunning his head,
Though scarred with fresh fire, his heart is unready—
Our lad's not yet ripe for it.

II. Mother to Son

YES, GO, my youngest one,
Forget the ten thousand who toil in these
Godforsaken vineyards of the devil,
The acres of smokestacks without smoke
Where flagellated by perpetual fears
Men are chained to the altars they built
And try to decipher their futures,
Reading their meters and dials and clocks.
They've learned how to pray with long-handled pliers
And genuflect before the gods in graphite;
Masked and gloved and blessed with Geiger counters,
They finger the future in leaden bottles,
Worship the idols in isotopes,
Transmuting the wine and the wafer,
The heart of the innocent elements—
Lead into gold and life into death—
But never transmuting the heart of man.
O they can steal the fire which burns in the sun,
Teach a lump of clay to bury giant cities,
A breath of air to suffocate the living:
But which of them can build a blade of grass?
Design a worm? Construct a butterfly?
Which of them can re-arrange the atoms
To clothe a forgotten bundle of bones
And raise my dead sons to walk the green hills,
Or smile in the image of God again?—
Yes, go, my youngest one, go while you may.
Abandon us, as we our selves have abandoned . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The foregoing poems are taken from a verse-drama called "The Atom Clock." It was winner of the 1950 Maxwell Anderson Award of the Dramatists' Alliance at Stanford University.*

III. Petition

WE THE living who desire not to die
By blasts of radiant fire
Hurled in secret from the depths of space
By robot rocketeers;
We who would voyage in peace among friends,
Nor dread the innocent skies,
Address the ambassadors of all nations,
The leaders of men and their generals
And their overlords in the chambers of power:
Do not deny our petition.

Masters of those who know the secrets of science,
Disintegrators of the elements,
Designers of weapons of terror,
Commanders of the cyclotrons and piles:
Do not divide the atom
To give each man a fragmentary death.
Divide it so each may inherit
A portion of life, sweeter than any yet known,
That each may share in a common earth and sky.

Make chain-reactions not of bright destruction
To blind the last small witness-eye of heaven:
Make chain-reactions of new
Enlightenment to spread from man to man.
Bombard the core of unreason,
Help integrate our alphabets of hope.
O masters of those who know,
Unite our atomized vision
In one great universal stream of light.

Let all who would live become one,
One man with two billion hearts in his breast:
In fusion, not fission's our faith.
Do not betray the future or beggar the unborn,
Devising the end-world weapon,
One bomb with two billion deaths in its belly.
Yoke the new cloud, transmute the old terror,
Let our planet become an island of love,
Calm in the interstellar seas of the night.

Open the splendid doors to tomorrow today,
Unlock them before it's too late,
Before the commanders are stoned by the dying.
Let this last letter be signed
By all who would share the abundance of life,
Let it be signed by all
The young and the old in the darkening world's
Great towns and villages,
And let our free voices be heard like a cry
In all the darkening chambers of man's heart:
Do not deny our petition.

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Ah, Icarus!

By Laura Benét

SHE ardently longed to be skimming the tallest trees in her flight,
To break from the cage and soar as imprisoned larks had done,
Knowing the moon as a comrade in the dark of the heaven's bowl,
Pursuing the burning sun.

But the wings that bore her up were clumsily fashioned
With feathers like stubble and so exceeding small,
They rose, then faltered, and soon descended, grazing
A low stable, a farmhouse wall.

They cleared only the high bushes, the waving, green-leaved saplings,
Timidly frail in an unaccustomed range,
The oceanlike sky in full majesty was abandoned.
Were they fit to venture on change?

The mind of the poet leapt in the wildest fancy,
To sweep in heroic course those regions aloft, apart.
No. Only the drop to earth, the smug childish pattern,
The stone heavy upon the heart.

When the World Ends

By Mark Van Doren

WHEN THE world ends it is too much to hope,
And yet I do, that neither knife nor rope,
Nor sudden flame, nor worse than sudden freeze,
Is executioner. No less than these
Implacable, what if gold autumn came
And stayed till it was weary—spread the same
Cool hectic over waters and wild boughs
That now arrives for but a week's carouse;
Then winter? What if such a wonder fall
Kept on as if it were the end, the all?
What if it were, and centuries of red
So flushed each field and roof and river bed
That death itself lay down, and nothing died
Till all things did, beneath a shower as wide
As oceans of together-dropping leaves?
What if it were, and still no late reprieves
Canceled the utter end? I do not keep
That hope; and yet I dream of this slow sleep,
This indolent, this all but evermore
October such as never came before.

Captive

(From a thought in Theognis)

By Richmond Lattimore

I GAVE you wings. Black stone, blue heave shall take
the shadow of your flight. Where men pass, where
legend is live with music, they will make
your name a song, and you will still be there
when all your bones are gathered underground
to sad and private darkness in the sty
of Hades. You shall live still in the sound
of singing. Even dead you shall not die.
For song is mine, and I am yours. Then go.
Continents dip behind your heel, appears
Ocean and spinning water miles below.
You ride on wind and a defeat of years.
I made you this. And now you turn from me
as from a child who will not let you be.

Writing Your Poem

by LAWRENCE JOHN ZILLMAN

Associate Professor of English
University of Washington

A practical aid to writing, teaching and appreciating poetry. Broad in scope, and up-to-date in approach, this stimulating book explains the tools of the poet and the elements of strength and weakness in their use. It analyzes the major problem in writing poetry and suggests solutions by illustrations drawn from work actually in the process of being written.

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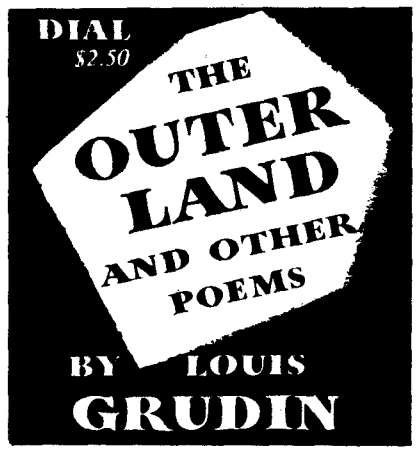

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

BEDLAM LIMITED — ALL ABOA-R-R-RD!

WE took our first trip free of our parents' leash when we were nine, boarding the special train at Grand Central Station for Kamp Kohut in Oxford, Maine. We went back to camp for a good many summers after that, and although we were later associated in one way or another with a number of other institutions none left us with so many memories.

We have, to be sure, long since grown out of our blue shorts with the red stripe down the side, but camp fever in the form of an acute nostalgia still hits us when each new summer rolls around. This year we decided to take the situation by the horns, and after a consultation with the directorate we appeared at Grand Central on the last day of June, bag in hand, to ride the camp train up to Maine.

Following instructions we descended to the lower level of the depot, and there, east of the information counter, we found a sign reading "Camp Kohut Meets Here." At Kohut virtually all the words that Webster commences with a "c" are spelled with an alliterative "k," and accordingly the printed "c" in camp had been crossed out and a "k" was added in pencil.

First man we spotted was Mr. Harry J. Kugel, one of the directors, a short, bald, erudite gentleman who speaks in bursts of polished, academic English. The "k" with which his name begins is coincidental rather than conformative. "It's purely a matter of reflex," Mr. Kugel told us when we noted that he looked busy. "I've been going up for forty-six years," he said. "Yessir, every year since 1909, excepting one year of absence spent in service abroad."

A cluster of parents, their offspring in tow, had gathered around a bouncy man in a brown glen-plaid suit and a white sport shirt open at the collar. He turned out to be Harry Reder, an associate of Mr. Kugel's. Little fellow in a blue cap with two red "k's" on it said, "Hiya, Mr. Reder, what caramyin?"

"Ask Mr. Kugel," he said, "he's got the train assignments."

Then Mr. Reder turned to greet two parents. "He's all yours," the mother said to him, pushing forward a small boy who was carrying a fishing rod, a tennis racket, six comic books, and a box from Schrafft's. "We'll do well by him," Reder assured the couple and turned to a father who was handing him a doctor's prescription. "Put this in your pocket," the man told Reder, "they're Stuart's instructions." "I'll put these with the other twenty," Reder told us *sotto voce*, meanwhile pulling a handful of notes and envelopes half out of his pocket. Lady bustled up and said, "These two boxes have to go on ice immediately, Warren gets two of these every—" "Come on over with me, I want you to give these to the nurse," said Reder, disappearing in the jungle of suitcases, golf clubs, ball bats, parents, grandparents, fishing tackle, and campers.

A boy carrying a bow and arrow tugged at our coat and said, "You a junior counselor?" We said "No," thanked him warmly, and sidled up to a clump of parents and children, where we recorded the following assorted bits of conversation:

"He gives an eight-year-old a bloody nose, that's a real accomplishment."

"You catch this year, Buster, you catch!"

"I would certainly like to meet his counselor."

"Waddabuncha newcomers!"

"You're getting lipstick all over my face."

"Isn't Ed Radbell here this season?"

"You ain't goin' to sing this year, are you, Buzzy?"

A COUNSELOR with a crew cut shouted, "All right, Kohut, let's move," and after considerable kissing all around the campers and counselors —with a few parents still tagging along —began to move toward the train gates. We hung back and watched them trudge along the platform. Their legs became obscured by the baggage wagons, and soon they looked like an animated battalion of cloth-cased fishing rods and golf clubs marching along.

The procession trooped past a girl's camp ("This is Fernwood," a young Amazon told us), past a lady with a suitcase who was looking for the train to Poughkeepsie, and came to rest in front of a string of darkened cars. After the campers had been put aboard we followed Reder inside the cars. We'd no more than burst through the door before we were ambushed by a boy who said, "Mr. Reder, I've been coming to this camp for two years and

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I've had an upper every time." "You've got a good argument there," Reder told him. "But wait a minute, the way Mr. Kugel works this out if you get a lower going up you get an upper coming home." "But Mr. Reder," the boy persisted, "I've *always* had an upper both ways." "Then you've got a great argument there, fella, great argument," Reder told him and slapped him on the back.

With Reder leading the way we ducked into Drawing Room A in Car J, which turned out to be the command post. Inside we found Mr. Kugel, Mr. MacCormick, the head counselor, and a number of group leaders. The problem up for discussion was being offered by a counselor named Bert, who said that he had two kids who said they get sick in uppers. "The way to do that, if you will, sir," offered Kugel who was sitting by the window with a lapful of diagrams, "is to take Robert Lee out of Upper 4 in Car M and put him in Lower 8 Car J. Take Bensinger out of Lower 8 Car J and put him in Upper 4 Car M. Now, wait, please, who is going to effect that change?" "What's the change?" asked a counselor. "That's Lee from M4U to J8L and Bensinger from J8L to M4U," said Kugel. The men started to move toward the door.

"Gentlemen, before you leave," said Reder taking the floor, "Mac is going to give out a list of instructions on what to do at camp. See that the other men read it. Secondly, I have a list of bunk assignments in camp. Don't give them out tonight because you'll get a lot of griping. Thirdly, look through every berth after we arrive in the morning and throw everything off the train. Also, remember that homesickness starts on the train. Send some of the older boys through. I'll make a round of the cars myself in a few minutes. All right, gentlemen, thank you very much. Stay with us, now, fellas." The counselors moved toward the door and Kugel started to pull up the window shade. "From all indications," he began, "we are by now. . . . Oh, my, we're still in the upper Bronx," he said and slammed down the shade.

A SHORT time later we accepted Mr. Reder's invitation to accompany him on his tour of the train, and soon we were ploughing south through a lush forest of feet that grew in profusion from the green Pullman draperies. We met a stout lad named Herbert, who was chewing an enormous wad of gum and clutching nine comic books; collected seven gum drops, four chocolate kisses, two lady-fingers, and three cinnamon Life Savers; found a ukelele in every car; and heard a boy say: "Another year without fireworks because of the lousy state law."

We ducked into a smoking room to collect our notes, and we weren't there two minutes, relaxing, when a boy came in with the biggest damn water gun we ever saw. He was followed by another camper armed with a pistol who let us have a spray right in the kisser from ten feet out. "Are you the new group leader, by any chance?" the one with the happy trigger asked us. We said, "No," and he said, "Thank God; we don't want to go around here hitting new group leaders."

In the meanwhile two other pistol-

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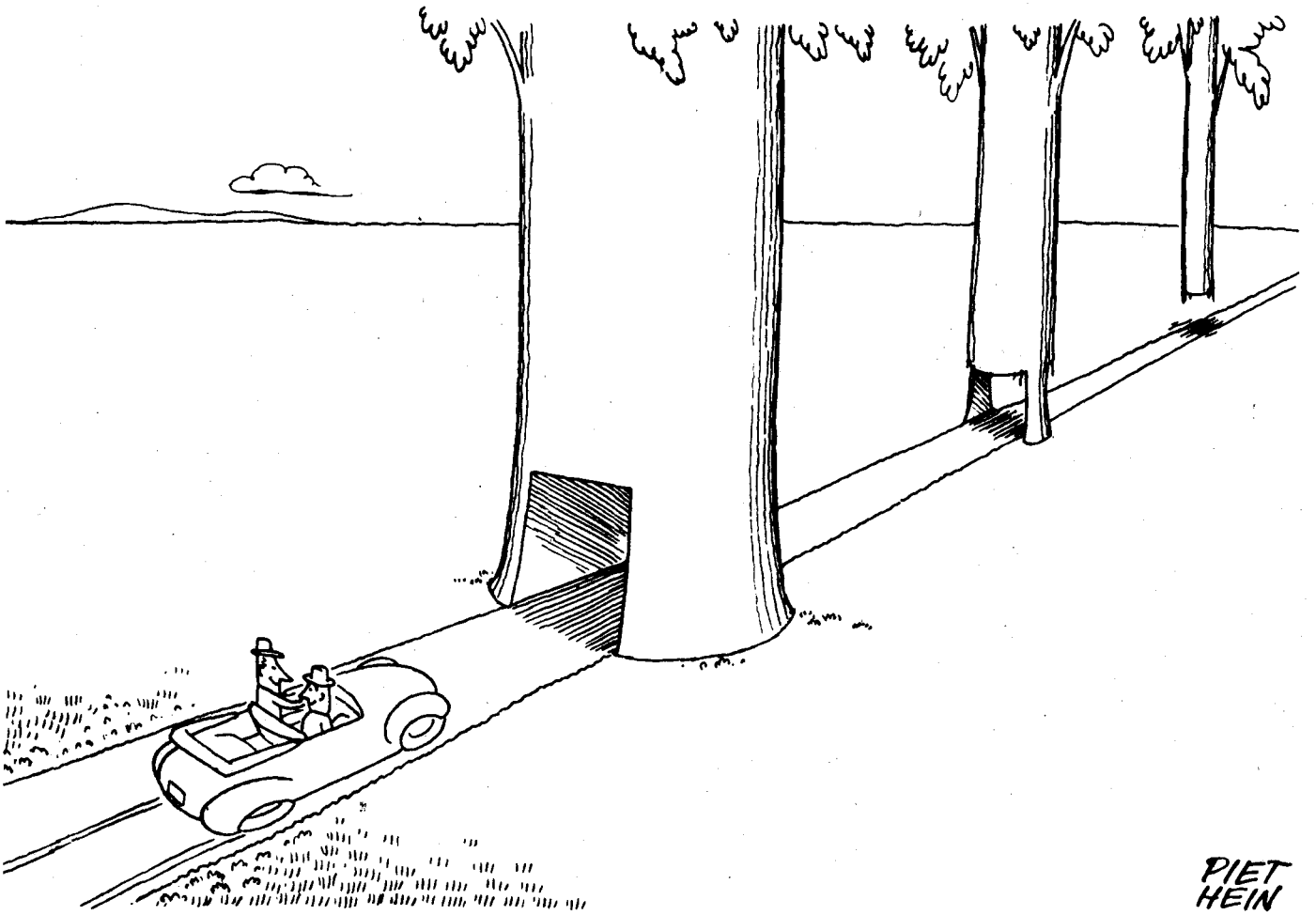

"Oh—that's nothing! Wait and see . . ."

toters had barricaded themselves in the lavatory. The lad with the huge water pistol—it was shaped like a Thompson machine gun and was only slightly smaller—sat on the black leather sofa near me and sent sprays winging through the ventilator, drenching the men locked inside the toilet. The pistol-toter sallied back and forth, shooting through the ventilator from close in, then retreating to refuel. Every now and then the besiegers sent a barrage of laden water cups against the ventilator screen, but the men who held the men's room failed to surrender. One of the attackers chanced to look up on the wall. "Oh, a fire extinguisher," he said with exultation.

We dashed outside and down the corridor, heading for the sanctuary of L9U, where Kugel had put us for the night. Local skirmishes ranged far into the night as the train grumbled into New England. Couple of times a counselor shouted, "All right, sack down out there." They sacked down for awhile, but the excitement of the impending arrival burst all restraining bonds along about four forty-five in the morning. We rose early, not very bright, and waited for two hours until the train finally pulled into the station in Maine.

Later that morning, safe in camp, the boys made up their bunks and then trooped into the assembly hall for the first meeting. "People came to me during the winter," Reder was telling them when we tiptoed in, "and said, 'Mr. Reder, last year was *the* year. Best time we ever had.' We all had a good time last year, that's true, but it was not a peppy camp. This year I want action, ACTION. And I'm going to spell it out in great big letters." Shortly thereafter we witnessed a general stampede for the ball diamonds the likes of which has not been heard since buffalo roamed the prairie. As for us, we retired to our tent to sack down, perchance to dream.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE AMERICAN TRAVEL SERIES: New England. By Andrew Hepburn and Harlan Logan. Simon & Schuster. $1.50. The third in a series (Florida and California were first) of low-priced, soft-cover, all-inclusive guides which are primarily designed for the motorist.

There's a big outline map up front which slices the area up into lettered sections. You pick your letter, turn to the text covering that section, and you find an excellent map, nuggets of information about each important town, and photographs for embellishment. Extra features are scattered through the book—about such New England preoccupations as schools and colleges, fishing and eating. In the back there is a cross-indexed listing of hotels and restaurants with a thumbnail description and approximate prices. If you don't take it with you you'll be riding on three wheels.

HAMMOND'S CITY STREET MAP ATLAS AND TRIP GUIDE. C. S. Hammond Co. $1.95. Seven inches long and four wide, bound in a semi-soft cover, this one will help in your suit pocket or glove compartment, and you'll be glad you took it along. It has a series of highway route maps, charts of the country's railroads, bus lines, and airlines, and four-color maps of the world —in miniature, of course. There are full-page street plans of most of the principal cities of the U. S., and the facing page gives the 1950 census figure, the time the city runs on, the air, bus, and railroad lines that service it, a selection of hotels, and some space for your personal comments. Excellent for the chance summer wanderer and practically invaluable for the year-round traveling salesman.

—H. S.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH BRINGS IN THE NEW YEAR *George Bellairs* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Inspector Littlejohn goes to Cobbold-in-the-Marsh re murder in the church. Corpse related to ancient Salter Hall and legends of treasure. Buried family scandals lead to more deaths.	Packed alluringly with Dickensian constables, vicars, antiquarians, and blackguards; nice picture of history and decay of manorial life. Live pace, sensible detection.	"Oh, good show"
KILLING KIN *Anne Hocking* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Inspector Austen, holidaying in Spanish sun, meets odd party of British, including wealthy widow and her spoiled son. Widow shoved to death, son poisoned, Austen to the rescue.	Possible plot and characters, but repetitious padding and self-conscious style and conversation.	Readable but slightly ho-hum
THE SILVER LADIES *Margaret Erskine* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Helen Simpson, young owner of ancient British house and new fortune, gets entangled in plot involving theft, death, terror. Inspector Finch and soldier-of-fortune Heron save the day.	Confusing in spots — but wonderful cast of characters, nicely enlaced plot, non-nauseating love story, delightful writing.	Applause!
NIGHT AT THE VULCAN *Ngaio Marsh* (Little, Brown: $3)	Actress Martyn Tarne, by accident dresser to star of new play in London ill-starred theatre, sees the quick passions of actors turn to murder. Inspector Alleyn rings down curtain in style.	Intensely real and interesting picture of the theatre; plot so coordinated with characters, event, and mores you hardly know it's happening. Suspense beautifully integrated.	A master from Master Marsh
THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED MANNEQUIN *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Descendants of Victorian novelist consult uppercrust sleuth Travers, Scotland Yard collaborator, for they fear possible murder of ex-mannequin married into family. Murder comes but not as expected.	Polite and possible cross-word puzzle of English manners, all wrapped up in nice fog of respectably allusive insular conversation, until the bang wind-up.	Both stimulating and soporific
STAIRWAY TO AN EMPTY ROOM *Dolores Hitchens* (Crime Club: $2.50)	"Daddy didn't do it—" but even Aunt Monica, come from New York to rescue child of her murdered sister, thought he had. Taking child to Calif. mountain resort she finds murderous "accidents."	Slick as celluloid—but a fine stubborn child character and wonderful alcoholic cat. Expertly tautened action and style.	Destined for Hollywood
LAMENT FOR THE BRIDE *Helen Reilly* (Random House: $2.50)	Horace Fescue, N. Y. financier, is pursued by murderous threats on his second-marriage honyemoon. Inspector McKee, following to St. Augustine, finds the bride, Judith, in strange toils.	Suspenseful and interesting; characters three-dimensional — but the actual mystery confusing, leaving one feeling sold out.	Practised hand
THE AFFAIR OF THE SUBSTITUTE DOCTOR *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Dr. Goodwood, vacationing, always left his London suburb practice to a locum. But this year sudden death and murder call him rudely back. Yard's Wagstaff and Dr. Priestly solve.	Usual slow Rhodean pace, which always appears plodding—until you realize you've been enjoying every word and savoring top mystery.	Quality unflagging
EASY TO MURDER *Nancy Rutledge* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Kim is about to marry newspaperman Dake Rhodes; but spider-like Onalee, Dake's sister-in-law, catches all in her small-town web, and marriage has to wait for murder.	Onalee, supposed to be femme fatale, etc. etc., simply never made real; therefore plot falls flat as does dialogue also topheavy with portentousness.	Not this one

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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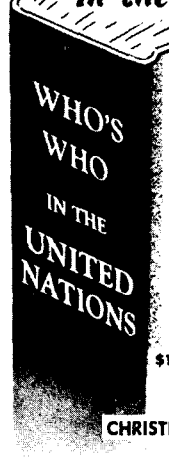

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BOOKS OLD AND NEW

WITH the high tide of children's books in the fall and again in the spring we are apt to neglect the older books that have stood the test of one or more generations of boys and girls and that will be happily read for many years to come. The reissue in a new edition with new format and illustrations of the Macmillan Children's Classics is an important event in the world of children's books —important to the children, to their parents, and to public and school librarians. If a parent or a teacher or librarian wants to measure the comparative value of the older books each has only to consult authorities such as Anne Carroll Moore in her "My Roads to Childhood" or Anne Thaxter Eaton in her "Reading with Children" or, for a quick and practical guide, the Compton list called "Seven Stories High."

There has recently been published by the American Library Association an invaluable guide to the reading of teen-age boys and girls. It is by Amelia Munson and is called "An Ample Field." Miss Munson brings to her subject a deep, instinctive love of good literature, a fresh, honest approach to young people, and a fine sense of values in her selection. Her book is not only very readable, written with charm and a lively sense of humor, but it has the value of experience and the frank, objective approach of a book lover who believes in giving young people a freedom of choice and through her own contagious enthusiasm leads them to the best.

Following the notes on some new editions we give a few of the new books, including Merritt Allen's review of the book that won the *New York Herald Tribune* prize for books intended for older boys and girls

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

—*From "Americans Before Columbus."*

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Retold by Alfred J. Church. Illustrated by John Flaxman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 186 *pp.* $2.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Retold by Alfred J. Church. Illustrated by John Flaxman. The same. 191 *pp.*

RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. The same. 105 *pp.*

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN. By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Nora S. Unwin. The same. 249 *pp.*

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO. By C. Collodi. With illustrations after Attilio Mussino. The same 206 *pp.*

THE REISSUE of the Children's Classics at a very moderate price should be noted by everyone who is interested in books for boys and girls. The paper is good, the type clear, the margins wide. The new pictures are uniformly satisfying. We confess to a special approval of Nora Unwin's drawings for "The Princess and the Goblin." She has captured the very essence of this story in her conception of Irene and Curdie and the Grandmother. We feel that George MacDonald himself would have liked them.

HOP, SKIP, AND FLY. By Irmengarde Eberle. Pictures by Else Bostelmann. New York: Holiday House. 62 *pp.* $2.

A new edition of a valuable book for little children. The story of the snail has been added and several of the stories have been revised.

HOW BIG IS BIG?: From Stars to Atoms. By Herman and Nina Schneider. With illustrations by Symeon Shimin. New York: William R. Scott. No paging. $1.75.

This book for little children was first published several years ago. This is a revised edition with new illustrations.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Alice and Martin Provensen. New York: Simon & Schuster. 76 *pp.* $1.50.

This color printing in a new edition of Stevenson's poems for little children is so beautiful that the book will have a strong appeal for art lovers as well as for the children. The drawings have humor and vitality in addition to beauty of design. There could hardly be a nicer gift for a small boy or girl who is beginning to form his own library.

THE FAIRY CARAVAN. By Beatrix Potter. New York: Frederick Warne. $2.50.

Beatrix Potter's story for older boys and girls than the "Peter Rabbit" books has six full-color drawings and many black-and-white ones by the author-artist, who means so much to childhood. This reviewer has always treasured the book for the old folk tale of the strange spinner which old Habbetrot tells to the sheep. The children love it for two of its characters—Alexander, the dog, and Pony Billy.

TEN SAINTS. By Eleanor Farjeon. New York: Oxford University Press. 124 *pp.* $3.

This is a new printing of Eleanor Farjeon's beautifully worded story of ten saints with the full-page drawings in color by Helen Sewell. It is available in both the Catholic and the Protestant editions.

THE FIRST ELECTRICAL BOOK FOR BOYS. By Alfred Morgan. Illustrated by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 263 *pp.* $3.

This is a complete revision of one of the very best "first books" on electricity. A new chapter analyzes the latest developments in electronics, radar, and television.

AMERICANS BEFORE COLUMBUS. By Elizabeth Chesley Baity. New York: The Viking Press. 256 *pp.* $4.

THE SCOPE of this book and the masterly way the subject is handled is unusual in books for young people. Without dragging in by main force a single "historical" fact or date or character the author has given a vivid picture of the people who lived in North and South America long ago —some of them very long ago, for she accepts without question the possibility that Asiatic tribes were crossing Bering Strait at least twenty thousand years before Christ. Some archeologists believe the Sandia Men were living in Southwest America even earlier. They were followed by the Folsom Men who occupied a large part of North America until about 10,000 B.C., when they either disappeared or changed the style of the stone weapons by which

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they were identified. These people were contemporaries of the mastodons and mammoths and, possibly, of the horses and camels that faded out during those ages.

Getting into comparatively modern times, the author has pieced together fascinating pictures of the Pueblo Indians, who cultivated a quarter of a million acres of corn, the Mound Builders, who were at their peak in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys between the ninth and the fourteenth centuries, and of the Vikings, who quite possibly did not confine their explorations to Greenland and New England. There are also details about the Eskimo, Iroquois, and the tribes of California and the Northwest Coast.

Perhaps the best chapters of this excellent book deal with the Mayas, Aztecs, and Incas. Without literary style being sacrificed, the compression into less than one hundred pages of the history, art, and achievements of those great empires is a masterly piece of work. The people are brought alive by intimate glimpses of their everyday lives. Through it all runs the influence of environment on tribal development —"You are what you are because you are where you are." The book concludes with a sincere tribute to the Indian people and a prophecy of the part they may play in future events.

The splendid, authentic drawings by C. B. Falls and the many well-chosen photographs from museums and anthropological collections ably supplement the text. All in all this is a complete, well-balanced book which should be of high interest to students of pre-Columbian times, whether they are young or old. —MERRITT P. ALLEN

THE STORY OF MANKIND: A New and enlarged edition. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Liveright. 608 *pp.* $2.98.

The first edition of this unique history of the world was printed in 1921. The text ended with the close of the First World War and its author's statement that the United States of America had "come of age." In this new edition the author's son Gerard Willem Van Loon has carried it through the years intervening between the two wars, through the Second World War, and to the founding of the United Nations, the trouble between Russia and the Western Allies, and the war in Korea. When it was first published Charles Beard said of it: "He has written a great book, one that will endure." No one who has shared it with the children and seen its great success in many countries can doubt its enduring value. It has a new and very full index.

CHARIOT IN THE SKY. By Arna Bontemps. Illustrated by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 234 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS ADDITION to the Land of the Free Series deserves thoughtful attention. It is the story of the Jubilee Singers, especially of one of them named Caleb Willows. He was a slave boy who had the usual storybook adventures of running away, being caught, and passing under the auctioneer's hammer. Comparatively speaking he was not badly treated and managed to learn to read and write. The end of the Civil War found him, like thousands of other Negroes, wholly unprepared for freedom. A plausible series of incidents brought him to the attention of Northern educators who had recently started Fisk University in Tennessee for colored people. He was accepted as a pupil and given a part-time job teaching a rural school that was soon broken up by the Klan.

By this time Fisk was down to its last dollar and would have collapsed if George L. White had not been on the staff. It was he who saw the possibilities of introducing the beautiful slave songs to the world and he who trained the eleven best voices at the university for the work. He financed the first tour by pawning his personal belongings and led the little group North. They suffered bitterly from hunger, cold, and cheap lodgings, and the tour barely met expenses. But they tried again and went home finally with twenty thousand dollars, for in New York Johann Strauss and Henry Ward Beecher turned the tide. Then they toured Europe, especially captivating Queen Victoria. The future of Fisk University was assured.

From beginning to end it is Caleb's personal story and, like him, has a simplicity and strength that appeal to the reader. The illustrations are excellent.
—M. P. A.

NINE LIVES: Or The Celebrated Cat of Beacon Hill. By Edward Fenton. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. New York: Pantheon Books. 64 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS chronicle of Moumouth, the famous cat of Boston's Louisberg Square, is freely adapted from a French story called "La Mère Michel et son Chat" by Emile de la Bedollière. The Boston background is not only very effectively drawn in the story but is vividly pictured in the distinguished black-and-white drawings.

Moumouth began life as an alley cat, then was adopted by the wealthy and aristocratic Mrs. Roger Quincy Grenville III and tenderly cared for by her housekeeper, the kindly and affectionate Mrs. MacMichael. Unfortunately, there was an enemy in the Grenville household—the butler O'Boyle. His hatred of Moumouth was

—*From "Nine Lives."*

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based upon jealousy and greed, and if Moumouth had not possessed the nine lives given to cats O'Boyle's evil design would have prevailed. The story reads like a very well-written melodrama, and in the end good triumphs, O'Boyle is exposed by the boy Smidgin, flees from Boston, joins a ship bound for Australia, is shipwrecked, and finally is eaten by the natives of the Sandwich Islands—a fitting end for a wicked man. Moumouth, amply provided for by Mrs. Grenville's will, went on to live a long, respected, and tranquil life with Mrs. MacMichael and Smidgin.

This is an unusual story and the illustrations, beautifully reproduced, are unusual, too. It is for older children than most picture books, and we have an idea that fathers and mothers, also, will enjoy it immensely.

HENRIETTA, THE FAITHFUL HEN. By Kathleen Hale. New York: Coward-McCann. 32 *pp.* $2.

In this importation from England the pictures are made directly on the plates and printed in color. They are striking and original.

Henrietta belonged to Mrs. Fowler, who was very poor and lived in a miserable, tumble-down house. For some reason Henrietta refused to lay eggs, but she scratched and dug vigorously in the front yard until she had scratched up a treasure—an ancient Roman jar. This led Professor Burrows and his assistants to excavate an old Roman city that lay deep under Mrs. Fowler's front yard. Henrietta became famous as its discoverer. New houses were built for her and for Mrs. Fowler to their own design, and Henrietta became "the happiest hen in the poultry world." This is an amusing picture book.

PEOPLE ARE IMPORTANT. By Eva Knox Evans. Illustrated by Vana Earle. Irvington-on-Hudson: Capitol Publishing Co. 86 *pp.* $2.50.

In an attractive little book with large type and black-and-white illustrations the author brings out the likenesses that exist between the two billion inhabitants of the earth. The differences, often based upon climate, food, and dress, are explained, but it is the many common traits that are emphasized. The story is so simply told that even a very little child could understand it.

THE PICTURE STORY OF ALASKA. By Hester O'Neill. Pictures by Ursula Koering. New York: David McKay Co. No paging. $2.50.

Following the picture stories of Hawaii, the Philippines, China, and Holland, Hester O'Neill now tells of the land and the people of Alaska, beginning with Fairbanks, which, she tells the children, is the North American "land of the midnight sun." Marginal drawings printed in dark blue, yellow, and red make a colorful setting for a simple, interesting story.

THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 12)

thorities from the universities and the national administration, they present a most useful portrait of Parliament, the Cabinet, and contemporary aspects of law and administration. Whether or not it is true, as Sir John Anderson claims, that "every aspect of the subject has been fully treated, so that no student or general reader need look elsewhere for any information he may require," certainly the richness of this little book is very great.

What it makes utterly clear is above all the vast complexity of the British system. Most familiar and perhaps most engaging to the general reader will be the discussion of Parliament and the party system, where Campion brilliantly sketches their recent history in the light of that "Parliamentary spirit" which is the best guarantee against the threat latent in a condition where "there is . . . nothing to prevent Parliament by a majority vote putting an end to legal opposition and introducing the single-party system." The development of the Cabinet as it constantly changed in size and authority over the past thirty years or more, the problems of centralization, the growth of administrative law, the nature of "quasi-government" bodies, and the structure and functioning of local government—all these are traced incisively and with a good deal of interest.

The essays are not even, and the distribution of space will not please everyone. But the total effect is as enlightening as could be imagined for the American no less than for the Englishman. —JOHN C. CAIRNS.

HERBERT HOOVER'S LATIN-AMERICAN POLICY. By Alexander DeConde. Stanford University Press. $3. Mark this down as another book that attempts to resuscitate Herbert Hoover's reputation as a skilled and able President. Mark it down also that in its genre this is one of the best. For Professor DeConde deals here in scholarship, not partisanship. He works on the novel premise that what may bring credit to Mr. Hoover's Administration need not detract from the substantial acomplishments under Roosevelt.

Mr. Hoover himself has complained on occasion that it was he who set a tone of good neighborliness toward Latin America, while FDR was still administering to the needs of New York State. As dredged up by Mr. DeConde the record shows the validity of the Hoover contention. Perhaps both the former President and his expositor overstress the Great Engineer's pre-inaugural tour of Latin America as a friendship builder. But there is no question that when Mr. Hoover and Secretary of State Henry Stimson assumed office they did profoundly alter

the policy drift of big-stick and dollar diplomacy practised by their predecessors. After 1928 we reclaimed the Marines bestowed upon Nicaragua by Calvin Coolidge; we offered ourselves as good-will arbitrators and negotiators in several explosive boundary disputes; and we took an adult, neutral view of the revolutions which swept the banana belt to overturn a favored dictator here or a U. S.-owned plantation there. When depression came and Latin-American bonds were defaulted in mournful obligato to our own collapsing stock market Messrs. Hoover and Stimson stolidly kept our gunboats at home in their berths and our troops in their barracks.

But just possibly Mr. DeConde pleads his case too hard. One Congressional Act concurred in—albeit reluctantly—by Mr. Hoover came near undoing all the neighborly overtures. That was the Smoot-Hawley tariff of 1930, which posted a notice to Latin America that the Yankee market was an unwelcome place to sell their goods. Since this only deepened the Depression outside our territorial waters all the soothing words of the President and his State Department produced little bread. The fact seems to be that Mr. Hoover was a better neighbor than his Congressional majority. And on that score Professor DeConde deserves commendation for calling the fact to our attention.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 903)

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

GOTHIC AND EARLY RENAISSANCE

NOTE: On these discs alone you may hear in your own home more of the measureless quantity of early music preserved in written notes than has anyone—scholar, musician, composer—during the past 500-odd years, a fabulous achievement in artistic resurrection! Older music was both flexible and ambiguous in intended instrumentation; these records use authentic combinations of contemporary instruments; only the style of singing remains a question of doubt, the human voice being a highly adaptable instrument. Does Gothic and Renaissance music equal the greatness of other European arts? Opinion is fast changing with the spread of an understanding of the old music in its own terms. To participate in the performing of such music for any length of time (as I have) is to convince one of the falsity of the old idea that "limitations" of instrumental or musical technique, "mathematics" of expression rendered the music of little value. Common sense as well as sober contemporary evaluation by then great minds says emphatically, no; audible evidence such as this, given leisurely and long study, will reward you with a similar and personal answer. E.T.C.

DUFAY: SECULAR WORKS. Pro Musica Antiqua (Belgium). Voices; string and wind instruments. EMS 206.	▶ Newly recorded, in Belgium, autumn 1950—but strangely the Dufay is wide-range, beautifully clear with fine diction, tone color, whereas Josquin is minus highs, muffled, the words rendered unintelligible. Not too different on average home machine.	Really exquisite playing, singing; carefully phrased, accurate in pitch, and "healthy"—with minimum of false "antique" approach. Dufay, better recorded, is also the most effective, with more variety of voice-instrument combination. A splendid cross-section of the art of two really big men, highly listenable throughout. The Vielle Trio (Gothic strings) plays similarly; but Robertson's poorly balanced tenor makes for more monotony; these give survey of more popular, semi-anonymous music, good complement to above.
JOSQUIN DES PRES: SECULAR WORKS. Pro Musica Antiqua. (As above.) EMS 213.		
MUSIC OF THE GOTHIC PERIOD AND EARLY RENAISSANCE, Vol. 2. Vielle Trio; DuBose Robertson, tenor. Allegro AL 72 (2)	▶ Excellent recording, wide range, of the thin, wiry instrumental tone (incl. portable organ); but the tenor sings (apparently) with his back to the mike, at a distance! Poor solution of balance problem.	
PRE-BAROQUE SACRED MUSIC. Harvard University Choir; Radcliffe Choral Society, Russell. Festival 70-202 (10")	▶ Done in Harvard's wooden Sanders Theatre—a beautiful resonance, though mike is shade too close to voices, I'd say.	The single Radcliffe item, Dufay's "Magnificat in 8th Mode," is worth price of whole disc; unforgettable women's voice singing. The male works, mostly later, are effective, a bit over-dramatic.

PALESTRINA

PALESTRINA: MAGNIFICAT (4th MODE); HYMNS, MOTETS. Period Choral Society (treble voices), R. Strassburg. Period SPLP 513	▶ Why the incredible mismatching of pitch between sections on Side 1 here? Could it be due to tape patching of recordings done at different times? Side 2 has good, steady pitch throughout.	Careful work; simpler hymns, motets on Side 2 are good. But more complex music, Side 1, is monotonous, metrical—lack of feeling for plastic word and sentence phrasing, changing drama of text. Serious pitch troubles here—intermittent solo chant horribly out of tune with choral passages!
PALESTRINA: MASSES—"ISTE CONFESSOR," "SINE NOMINE." The Welch Chorale, James B. Welch. (Mixed a cappella.) Allegro ALG 3016 (*See also AL* 70)	▶ Very nice, modest choral recording, fairly close-to (individual wobbly voices stand out a bit) but with adequate depth and liveness, words beautifully intelligible (on wide range equipment.)	This Catholic group, singing regularly at High Mass, has come a long way since I heard sample records some years ago. This is plastic, meaningful, easy singing, well phrased, with good pitch, fine intelligibility. Bit tired occasionally; mostly very alive.
PALESTRINA: MASS, "PAPAE MARCELLI." St. Eustache Choir, Paris, Martin. Vox PL 6790	▶ Close-to recording in large church space—deadish in spite of long-period (but faint) echo. Interesting effect.	Basically excellent in pitch and ensemble, this is an exaggeratedly accented and rubato interpretation; I prefer the Wagner Chorale (Cap. P-8126).

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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(Continued on page 50)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 904

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. American geologist and educator, active in expeditions, etc. (1864-1912).

B. Verse play by Maxwell Anderson, 1936.

C. Hurried; at a swifter pace (Italian music dir.).

D. National Monument in Arizona, preserving curious natural rock formations.

E. Homespun cloth; wearing it was made a part of Swadeshi in India.

F. A beloved lady in "The Idylls of the King" by Tennyson.

G. Inflammation of the nose (med.).

H. First name, seventh and seventeenth Presidents of U. S.

I. Lake in Wyoming, largest body of water in North America at such an altitude, 7,731 ft.

J. Peak in New Mexico, 10,546 ft.

K. Son and successor of Ahaz, considered best king in history of Judah (Bib.).

L. Novel by George Meredith, 1879 (with "The").

M. English actor, father of English pantomime (1692-1761).

WORDS

3 40 163 118

84 135 28 6 15 89 187

67 54 123 150 85 46 5 82 112 70

139 113 115 19 14 183 144 95 100 104

177 4 141 94 119 45 64

7 59 80 13 172 56 156

12 114 96 182 152 102 2 161

26 133 71 90 126 1

65 78 39 140 9 66 24 137 99 27 120

92 147 117 58 178 25 169 51

125 48 175 72 49 44 33 81

29 75 42 162 116 151

10 105 88 180

DEFINITIONS

N. Queen of Lydia in title of tone-poem by Saint-Saens.

O. National Monument in Nebraska, landmark on old Oregon Trail (2 wds.).

P. Pertaining to disputatious argument.

Q. Town in Virginia where Lee surrendered to Grant, April 9, 1865.

R. Salamanders of the genus *Triturus*.

S. A woman, or women collectively.

T. Symbolic standard of a priest, chief, etc., among Hopi Indians.

U. Son of Canaan and ancestor of the Hittites (Bib.).

V. Of time, eternal; of space, infinite.

W. Rank in the Navy, next below vice-admiral (with "admiral").

X. Egyptian god identified with Greek physician-god, Asclepius.

Y. In a condition of stupor med.).

Z. Object of open-mouthed wonder or curiosity.

WORDS

53 159 36 189 91 170 23

68 55 122 146 77 69 155 30 128 35 17

148 101 31 97 11 132 22

63 8 18 171 129 158 188 107 165 136

174 93 110 164 134

79 20 153 124 60 38 185

83 50 127 16 43 74

76 108 179 138

173 21 86 73 181 168 143

109 87 37 121

57 166 47 176 154 184 130

106 149 61 98 34 142 160

41 167 103 111 32 52 145 62 186 157 131

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 H	2 G	3 A	4 E	■	5 C	6 B	7 F	■	8 Q	9 I	10 M
11 P	12 G	13 F	14 D	15 B	■	16 T	17 O	■	18 Q	19 D	20 S	21 V	22 P	23 N	24 I	25 J
■	26 H	27 I	28 B	29 L	30 O	31 P	32 Z	33 K	■	34 Y	35 O	■	36 N	37 W	38 S	39 I
40 A	41 Z	42 L	43 T	44 K	45 E	■	46 C	47 X	48 K	■	49 K	50 T	51 J	52 Z	■	53 N
54 C	■	55 O	56 F	57 X	58 J	■	59 F	60 S	61 Y	62 Z	63 Q	64 E	65 I	■	66 I	67 C
68 O	■	69 O	70 C	■	71 H	72 K	73 V	74 T	75 L	76 U	77 O	78 I	79 S	■	80 F	81 K
82 C	83 T	■	84 B	85 C	■	86 V	87 W	88 M	89 B	90 H	91 N	92 J	93 R	94 E	■	95 D
96 G	97 P	■	98 Y	99 I	100 D	101 P	102 G	■	103 Z	104 D	105 M	106 Y	107 Q	108 U	109 W	■
110 R	111 Z	112 C	113 D	■	114 G	115 D	116 L	■	117 J	118 A	119 E	120 I	121 W	■	122 O	123 C
■	124 S	125 K	126 H	■	127 T	128 O	129 Q	130 X	131 Z	132 P	133 H	■	134 R	135 B	136 Q	137 I
138 U	■	139 D	140 I	141 E	142 Y	143 V	■	144 D	145 Z	■	146 O	147 J	148 P	■	149 Y	150 C
151 L	152 G	153 S	154 X	■	155 O	156 F	157 Z	158 Q	159 N	160 Y	■	161 G	162 L	163 A	■	164 R
165 Q	166 X	167 Z	168 V	169 J	■	170 N	171 Q	172 F	173 V	174 R	175 K	176 X	■	177 E	■	178 J
■	179 U	180 M	181 V	182 G	183 D	184 X	185 S	186 Z	187 B	188 Q	189 N	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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